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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Anniversary

November, 1931, marks the second anniversary of the economic conference which Mr. Hoover called immediately after the severe reaction in the stock market of October–November, 1929. It was felt by some industrial leaders that a severe depression might ensue. All of the signs which had preceded other depressions were present: money stringency, high prices, high wages, etc. But Mr. Hoover believed that the disaster could be averted, that boom conditions could be continued indefinitely.

The administration's view was accepted by Congress, by the stock market, by the railroad executives, and by a great part of the people. It was, after all, a pleasant view — good times, high prices, easy winnings in the market. Nobody enjoys looking ahead into the abysmal depths of a depression.

The Farm Board was set up to maintain the price of agricultural products. The railroads spent huge sums in order to maintain the level of industrial activity. The Steel Company declared an extra dividend. Stocks boomed, loans on securities increased. A handful of realists sold the market short.

Railroads

The second anniversary of the Hoover industrial conference finds railroad executives again in convention. This year, Mr. Hoover is not attending the meetings. It appears that some of the railroads did not confine their anti-depression expenditures to cash transactions. They borrowed from the banks, the loans are coming due, and the banks, as is their invariable practice, are pressing for payment at the moment most inconvenient to their customers.

Undeniably, the railroads are in a bad way. In good times, their profits are restricted, in bad times their economies are impeded. In other words, when they are making money they can make only a little, when they are losing it they can lose a lot. The reaction of the labor leaders to the railroads' proposed ten per cent wage cut was uneconomic and unfair. "We don't think wages should be cut to pay dividends," said David B. Robertson, chairman of the Railway Labor Executives' Association. "We submit that impartial public opinion will support our answer that labor can not be called upon to pay a dole to idle capital. We have been asked to contribute, not to the relief of our fellow employes, but to the relief of those who have no claim upon our charity." Mr. Robertson seems to be unaware that if capital had not found profitable investment in the railroads, there would not be any railroads or railroad wages. If a way can not be found to operate railroads profitably, railroads won't be operated.

Foreign Trade

The downward trend in our foreign trade continued through October. The recession in both imports and exports was more than seasonal. Although there was a favorable balance, it was a very slight one.

The adoption of the "Emergency Tariff" by Great Britain has increased apprehension over the future of our foreign trade. This apprehension appears far from groundless when we remember that, on the average, forty per cent of our total exports go to the various divisions of the British Empire, and about thirty-three per cent to the United Kingdom and Canada alone. It is a matter of some comfort, however, that the greater part of these exports are raw materials and foodstuffs, on which no tariff has been placed, as yet.

In introducing this bill for the consideration of Parliament, Walter Runciman, president of the Board of Trade, made some remarks which are worth rehearsing. He said:

> We must bear in mind that we have very large remittances coming to this country from abroad and must not

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Rebel INDIA

by H. N. BRAILSFORD

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altogether close down the means whereby these remittances reach here. I am expressing my own opinion, and others may express theirs if they like.

I think we should be foolish to copy exactly the fiscal policy of the United States of America, having regard for the fact that it would do a grave injury. In the United States that may not do them much harm. That is for them to decide, not us. Do not let us do here that which would impede the payments we receive from abroad, if we are to receive in full the invisible exports which play such a large part in our trade balance.

We are also to remember, although this may be a secondary consideration, the purchasing capacity of our foreign customers. If they buy from us, we want to be quite sure they can pay. We must not, therefore, imagine that we can do these things entirely in a one-sided way.

I might also mention in passing that the only permanent way of restoring our trade balance without imposing any sacrifice upon our people is by expanding our exports rather than curtailing our imports. The two things are not incompatible.

Boots

A RATHER curious situation which exists in two related industries — the boot and shoe industry, and the cotton cloth industry — was discussed by Mr. D. W. Ellsworth in a recent issue of the *Annalist*. These products do not belong to the luxury class, even to the same extent as automobiles, for it is practically a necessity, in a climate like ours, to wear clothes. You would think that people would buy clothes at a more or less constant rate, as they buy groceries and meat. But apparently this is not at all what happens.

If it is true that nature abhors a vacuum, it is equally true that she thrives on waves. There was a time when the waves of the sea were the only ones we knew. But that was long ago. For generations scientists have been constantly discovering new waves and rhythms. Heat waves, light waves, thought waves, industrial cycles are all matters of record. But now we have boot and shoe waves, for the charts of leather consumption and production kept by various statistical agencies disclose that there is not only one cycle of boot and shoe consumption, but, in fact, there are two! There is a three-year major cycle with a two-year minor or "replacement demand" cycle superimposed upon it. It would seem then that about every three years shoes become very fashionable and a great number of people, all at once, buy their first shoes, or at any rate, new shoes. A year or so later, these shoes, having worn out, are replaced.

Turning to the charts, we see that 1931 witnessed a little boom in boot and shoe production, as well as in cotton cloth production. When these facts first became apparent, last spring, one group of economists (the optimists) pointed out that in 1921 recovery first appeared in these lines. But Mr. Ellsworth, who has gone into the situation more carefully, discloses that the little boom this year was the result of the minor cycle which is now pretty nearly completed, so that the boot and shoe index and the cotton cloth index have receded almost to the lows of last winter. If Mr. Ellsworth's prognostications are correct, the peak of the next major cycle will not be reached before 1933. The next time you read of improvement in these lines, it will probably really mean something.

Commodities

IT HAS been almost impossible to draw the public into the stock market during the last year. The public feels wiser, if poorer, as a result of its 1929 experience.

Market operators normally make their living by selling things to the public which they have bought at lower levels. But since the public won't touch stocks any more, even where they have gone up, operators have had to direct their efforts to other fields. Early in October a group of skilful and powerful men decided to make a play in wheat, cotton and corn. To use an expressive phrase, they had a break. Reports of the failure of the Canadian wheat crop, of cessation of Russian dumping, and of a war in Manchuria, all appeared at the psychological moment. May wheat rose from 50 to 70, corn, cotton and even silver rose accordingly. The morning and evening papers proclaimed the rise in commodities. The turn had come! (For the twentieth time.) Brokers told their customers how easy it was to trade in commodities. The public rushed in, relieved the operators of their commitments, and obtained a new experience.

Next summer will disclose real curtailment of crops. Farmers have given up looking for a miracle and are taking steps which will ultimately lead to recovery.

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Automobiles

IN NOVEMBER automobile output reached the extraordinary figure of fifteen per cent of estimated normal. At that time ten out of twenty-nine leading manufacturers were out of production entirely.

Relatively, truck output has held up well. From the 1929 peak truck output has declined sixty-four per cent, while passenger output has declined seventy-five per cent.

Since 1923 the long time trend of passenger car output has been at best horizontal while truck output is still, apparently, in an uptrend.

At the present moment, however, the passenger car situation presents the most interesting picture. Production is so nearly non-existent that the number of cars in dealers' hands has been much reduced in recent months. There has been, in other words, a general housecleaning to make way for the automobile show. Radically new models are to be introduced and it is hoped by the industry (by everybody, for that matter) that there will be a widespread pickup in the industry early next year. Even the conservative *Annalist* predicts: "There is obviously little hazard in expressing the opinion that the replenishing of dealers with new models for the 1932 season is in itself likely to stimulate a substantial revival in output from the present level of production, not to mention the long-deferred replacement demand which is bound to spring, sooner or later, from the ultimate consumer."

Stocks

THE stock industry is not so fortunately situated as the automobile industry; it is still over-inventoried. The demand for stocks has not yet caught up with the huge supply that was turned out during the bull market.

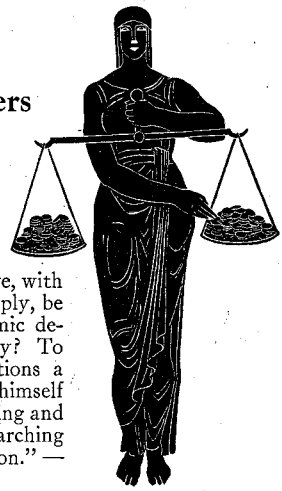
In some ways it is a pity that the stock industry has no annual show. You could walk around from booth to booth appraising the products and the statistical position of the various companies. There could even be red booths and black booths. It would be a sort of statistical dog show.

But there is no annual stock show. We must go to the market for the current ap-

YALE

America Weighs Her Gold

By James Harvey Rogers



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praisal of stock values. At the time of writing this, there is no evidence at hand that we have reached the end of the bear market. During the last two years we have had a series of synthetic, manipulated rallies, each of which ended in a continuation of the downtrend. In my opinion, when the bear market ends, it will not be because there is going to be a moratorium or a credit corporation, but because the number of people who think that stocks are cheap is greater than the number who wish or have to dispose of them. This may happen soon — at any time — but I am inclined to think that there will be some tangible signs of improvement in business before the turn in the stock market comes. It is not impossible that the initial impetus will develop out of the forthcoming automobile show.

Building

MY CHART of building construction contracts, based on figures supplied by the F. W. Dodge Company, and adjusted for seasonal variations, continued throughout November its downward trend. Not only are construction contracts awarded receding at a rapid pace, but contemplated construction is disappearing almost completely. One of the principal causes of the demoralization in this industry is the exceedingly bad state of credit. At a time when new ventures should be encouraged, it is wellnigh impossible to borrow money from the banks. Furthermore, building costs, obstructed by the labor unions, are still relatively high. I do not see how general recovery can take place until these conditions are remedied. Do not forget, however, that conditions can change very rapidly, once public confidence is restored.

Business Index

SOME encouragement may be gleaned from a bulletin recently issued by Standard Statistics, Incorporated, which states: "Analysis of the present position of the leading domestic industries justifies the conclusion that, after allowing for seasonal trends, sales and outputs generally reached their absolute low of the depression in October, but that only gradual and irregular improvement will be registered during the next several months, at least. Meanwhile, a study of industrial production indicates that current aggregate levels are far below those adequate to supply the normal and growing needs of the country. Considered as a whole, our index shows an area of deficiency from computed normal of roughly ninety per cent of the excess which accumulated between 1922 and the latter part of 1929. Even a rapid reversal of the 1929–31 downtrend could not conceivably restore aggregate output to normal before a sizable net deficit will have been registered."

Receiverships

DURING the last month confidence has been further impaired by a series of receiverships and near receiverships. Only two years ago the Wabash was regarded as one of the major transportation systems of the country. It was mentioned in consolidation conversations as one of five key railroads. The Pennsylvania paid $65,000,000 for an interest in it which has little value today.

Aside from the hardship which this receivership causes to all interested in the road's securities, it has wrought further havoc in the market for railroad bonds. Second grade issues have reached levels which would be ridiculous, were it not for the threat of receiverships. Under present circumstances major financing by railroads is an impossibility. Roads with issues maturing in the near future are therefore in an extremely embarrassing position. The public fears the worst, as is evidenced by the fact that the six per cent notes of one of the important roads, maturing in 1932, are selling at 23.

Congress

FOR seven months the country has struggled along without a legislature. In spite of the impossibility of acquiring new laws, however, there were enough old ones to serve our purposes. Whatever has brought our troubles upon us, it is not a shortage of laws.

I think that the tendency to make more and more laws, laws to cover every condition and every contingency, has, for the moment, reached its peak. At the present time, sentiment favors the policy of backing away from

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some of the laws already existing. A considerable proportion of the people want the Eighteenth Amendment to be repealed or modified, and the tariff to be adjusted downward.

The really important problem before Congress is the deficit. During the current fiscal year, it will reach, under present conditions, the astounding figures of two billion dollars. There is only one sound course to pursue: cut expense, increase taxes.

Unfortunately, the increased taxation will almost surely be placed where it does the most harm to the community, on the incomes of the very rich. It is these vast surplus incomes which support the charities, inaugurate new industries, give employment on any important scale. It is a good thing for the community, for example, that Mr. Rockefeller is able at a time like this, to build his Radio City. The same income divided between, say, a hundred men, would not produce the same results. Doing away with these huge incomes, by taxation, as England has done, does away with one of the greatest sources of benefit to the community.

England

DURING the last month the pound has continued downward in an almost uninterrupted path. Its fall has undoubtedly attracted a considerable short influence which in itself will have a stabilizing influence. Recent advices from England report a more optimistic tone of sentiment than has existed in a number of years. Nevertheless, England will have to cross some very difficult hurdles during the next few years.

It is not always remembered that England's debts receivable are payable in pounds sterling, but her debts payable must be met in the currencies of her creditors. In other words, the fall of the pound has automatically decreased England's assets and increased her liabilities. Any further fall in sterling will involve really alarming consequences.

Conclusion

THE outlook appears unpromising. But some wholly unexpected source may give the signal for a degree of recovery. However, it is unlikely that business will reach anything like normal proportions within a year.

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We extend our very best wishes for a happy and more prosperous New Year.

The
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By Way of Introduction

Neil Carothers (*Silver — a Senate Racket*), a graduate of the University of Arkansas, Oxford and Princeton, has for some years been a professor of economics and Director of the College of Business Administration at Lehigh University. His career has included an assistant professorship at Princeton, a captaincy in the Army in 1918, a year as an economic expert in the Department of State, and three years in the foreign department of a large bank.

Herbert C. Pell (*Inefficient, Incompetent or Dishonest*) was a Member of the Sixty-sixth Congress from New York City. His articles, *A Cure for Speculation* and *The Wet Movement Today*, appeared in this magazine.

Lewis Einstein (*Disarmament and Bootleg Armaments*) has been secretary of American embassies in many European countries and China. He has written widely on history, literature, and art.

John Lineaweaver (*The Lassiter Place*), whose story *Ella Bernes* appeared in these pages last month, studied at Haverford College and the University of Virginia.

James Southall Wilson (*The Future of Aristocracy in America*), a professor of literature at the University of Virginia, was the first editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, and is still an advisory editor. He is greatly interested in the changing social and economic conditions of American life, and has contributed articles on these topics to leading magazines.

Hugh M. Foster (*More Regulation?*) has made a thorough study of food problems, has lectured on the subject, and has been editor of the food department of *The Journal of Commerce*. His article, *Why Potatoes?*, appeared in the April issue of the North American Review.

Anonymous (*Madame Zero*) is an American living abroad whose special interest at present is to return to this country, as he explains in the article.

Joseph Ledwinka (*Automobiles Will Come Back*), chief engineer of the Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Company, is an authority on automobile body construction.

William Burke Teeling (*The Spirit Wrestler*) is an Englishman who has spent a year traveling in the United States and Canada to study various religious sects, among them the Doukhobors whom he pictures in this story.

Louise Maunsell Field (*Our Laggard Theatre*) is a dramatic critic, book reviewer and novelist. Her article, *The Spinster Looks at Marriage*, was published in this magazine last month.

Ethel Peyser (*That Servant Problem*) writes extensively on household economics, music and other subjects. She has been an editor of *Good Housekeeping* and a staff member of the Women's and Children's Departments of the New York *Tribune*. At present she writes a department for the *Musical Leader*.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Portrait of No One

WITH all the minor excitements of moving in, we failed at first to notice this nightly drama, but after a week there was no more ignoring it. Our court was too small for one thing, and for another they lived directly below us. The sound of their voices came through the floor and also reverberated from the walls across the way into our windows.

There was very little variety in the procedure, at least the parts that we could hear. First, a definitely irate door slam; second, a murmur of voices, in crescendo; third, a sudden, loud, shrill sentence: "For fifteen years I've slaved to support you, and this is what I get!" Then a male voice stung to reproach: "I always knew you'd throw it in my face." And after that, confused shouts, screams, more door slammings and eventual calm.

Neither of us ever saw the hero of these episodes, but one night we started downstairs in the elevator during the performance, and the elevator stopped at the floor beneath ours. A woman was crouched there with her back toward us when the door opened. She turned and showed us one of the evilest expressions I have ever seen, then composed her features and asked the elevator boy to get her a key, saying that she had locked herself out.

There was no more than this to the actual occurrences, but it was enough to rouse my curiosity to the boiling point. Why, I asked myself, should a woman of this evident ill-humor bother to support a man for fifteen years? He was not an invalid, I had already gathered from certain of the introductions to her nightly tirade: he had taken some of her money, gone out and spent it on what seemed to her dissipation or nonessentials. And if he was not disabled, why did he put up with her shrewishness — why didn't he go out and find himself a job, then either shut her up or leave her?

I sat down one day and worked out the answers.

HIS name (I named him) was Edward Gahagan, his wife's Ada. Fifteen years before they had used them, which might have saved me trouble had I come on the scene

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earlier. He worked in the statistical department of a stock brokerage firm, where he had access to facts and figures on the nation's economic status that turned his mind to much larger speculations than his position entirely warranted. That is to say, he fell into the habit of weighing the significance in terms of American prosperity of the flotation of some new Brazilian bond issue, the effect on Wall Street stock levels of drought in Arkansas and many other elusive matters. Eventually he became familiar not only with practically all of the respected economic theories, but also with statistical methods of manipulating them, so that he was rather a formidable young man to argue with on any such oddities as the Quantitative Theory of Money or the Concept of Ownership.

He prospered moderately — achieved a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. And his wife decided that she no longer need work, that his salary was sufficient for the moment, that merely doing housework would leave her more energy to spur him on to further achievements. It also seemed to her that in the new situation she could persuade him to go out of an evening — using as reason the dullness of her domestic duties — and leave off to an extent his continual poring over abstruse books, which she instinctively feared as a threat to their material welfare. He had taken to evolving theories of his own, elaborating them, pinning them down with figures to paper — and even expounding them to her. He hardly noticed the change in her activities.

Some six months after Ada had stopped working he began concentrating on the matter of inflation. By this time Ada had become seriously worried, for instead of having the effect she had anticipated, her action seemed to have done the reverse. Edward hardly heard her cajoleries, brushed them aside and insisted on remaining at home every night in the week. He said: "You have all day to wander around in. It won't hurt you to stay home at night. — Or go over and see Evelyn. I'm busy."

Moreover, with the increase in his outside interests, his office work fell off. This was only natural: how could he concentrate fully on reports of the pin cushion industry when pictures of new economic empires were revolving through his mind. He arrived continually later and spent more and more of his time daydreaming at his desk. The result was inevitable.

He told his wife quite calmly at the dinner table, not noticing the grim expression of her face. It was almost beneath his attention, but not so with her.

"Good Lord, Edward!" she expostulated, wringing her hands in irritation. "How can you be such an idiot? You haven't another prospect in the world. How are we going to eat?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, that's all right. I was leaving anyway." And would say no more.

Ada went on berating him throughout the meal, but his thoughts were elsewhere. He was mentally running through passages of John Maynard Keynes and hardly heard her. Afterwards he went into his bedroom and stayed there.

For three weeks he did not leave

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the building, and when their savings began to go for household expenses and Edward would not look for a job, Ada went out and found one for herself. He refused to give any explanation of his conduct and never worked again.

NONE of which explains either of the questions that I set out to answer. But there is one thing I have left out that must precede the explanation proper. This was Edward's mechanical bent. It had been another of Ada's trials before her husband's schism from work; afterwards it was both a greater trial and the cause of the reason why she stayed with him — if so Einstein-like a phrase is permissible. To be slightly plainer, this mechanical bent of Edward's combined with his interest in inflation had brought an astonishing result. Let me explain.

Always Edward had been able to repair washing machines, radios or any other household appliances that got out of kilter; he had even invented a few in his idle moments. Then when he had studied about the wonderful benefits of inflation — the concurrence of American prosperity with credit expansion, the marvelous ability of banks to create credit and in effect money, the perfectly respectable eulogies that had been written for this system — he suddenly conceived an idea. He thought: there is far less real money in this country than is needed for business; business can only progress through expansion of credit facilities; prices are higher when money is plentiful; banks prosper exceedingly through their ability to create money and are respected; therefore what is there morally wrong with my doing something similar — for instance, making paper money? It would not only remove the necessity of working for my living, it would also be a boon to the community at large. So he set about devising a means of counterfeiting Government currency and eventually, through his mechanical ability, succeeded in making bills that would pass the scrutiny of any expert.

He made a large number of these bills in several denominations and then his wife discovered what it was that he had been about. At first she was shocked and Edward had to explain the philosophy of his action, which was very nearly meaningless to her, then or at any other time. But she thought the matter over and perhaps because some of his meaning had been clear to her or perhaps simply because of cupidity, her alarm began to leave her. She went to Edward and suggested that one of the bills be tried in some manner that could not bring disgrace upon them if it were recognized as counterfeit. But Edward, the moment she had shown signs of falling in with his idea, began to have qualms. He had not yet made up his mind, he said. They must wait. Ada argued and was enraged, but it did her no good.

And so for fourteen years they bickered, never reaching a conclusion. Ada grew ever bitterer and more shrewish, Edward moodier and more indecisive. It was a tragedy, but it also makes a moral tale.

"I would rather," said Themistocles, "have a man that wants money than money that wants a man." In a different sense, of course.

W. A. D.

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Silver—a Senate Racket

By Neil Carothers

Who attacks one of the year's greatest issues

On February 20 last the United States Senate adopted a resolution requesting President Hoover to negotiate "with Governments" with a view to the cessation of silver bullion sales by those Governments and suggesting that he call a conference of nations to discuss the uses and the status of silver as money. The resolution was presented by the important Foreign Relations Committee, of which Senator Borah of Idaho is Chairman. It had been initiated in a small sub-committee on Chinese relations, which has Senator Pittman of Nevada as its Chairman. It had unanimously passed the sub-committee, the committee proper, and the Senate as a whole.

On the face of it the resolution had a noble purpose. During the year and a half preceding its passage the price of silver had fallen to extraordinarily low levels, eventually reaching twenty-five cents an ounce — a value in terms of gold unprecedented in the history of the world. The nations that use silver as their chief currency, more especially China, had lost one-half their purchasing power in international trade with gold standard countries. Exports from Europe and America to the Orient had been greatly diminished. Concerted action by the great Occidental countries to raise the price of silver would revive the purchasing power of the Orient, stimulate international trade, and greatly benefit the stricken industry of the world. As Senator Borah expressed it, the restoration of purchasing power "to nearly one-half the human family" would be a "first step" toward ending the world depression.

The resolution was widely acclaimed in the public press. Long before the date of the resolution, the spectacular fall in the price of silver had been front page news, and the involved interrelationships between the value of silver bullion and the economic situation in Latin America and the Far East had been widely discussed. The tenor of newspaper comment, however, had been general to the point of vagueness. The financial questions involved bristle with difficult technicalities that call for acute economic insight. The newspapers, furthermore, had sensed in the repeated hostile references to sales by foreign governments the presence of hidden factors. The peculiarly sectional complexion of the movement for Government action,

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the failure of the banks to participate and the silence of the entire group of professional economists had given rise to editorial doubts.

President Hoover refused point-blank to accede to either of the requests embodied in the resolution, despite personal appeals by various Senators, notably King of Utah and Smoot of Utah. There was much speculation and indecisive comment in the press, none of which made very clear the President's attitude. In May the International Chamber of Commerce met in Washington. Senator King appeared as an unexpected guest. According to the New York *Times* he was there as "a representative of Western silver producers." Before the session was over the Senator had become chairman of a "volunteer silver committee" and had dragooned a reluctant body into approving a resolution urging an international conference on the silver situation. But it developed that no group of delegates from any nation represented at the convention was willing to call such a conference or even to ask its home government to sponsor it. Finally the Japanese delegation, "yielding to persuasion," asked the Tokio Government to consider the matter. The Japanese Government did consider the idea and emphatically rejected it. The Nationalist Government of China likewise abandoned the project after some tentative gestures.

Obviously we have here a conflict of interest not fully delineated in the public prints. When the President unqualifiedly refuses to obey what amounts to a mandate of the Senate, unanimously passed, there must be weighty reasons behind his action. When the financial interests of America, the professional economists, and the ministries of every foreign government are hostile to a movement which claims for its sole objectives the relief of suffering millions and the termination of a grievous economic stagnation, even the most casual observer begins to suspect the presence of esoteric elements.

WHAT is the real significance of this militant attempt to coerce the United States into official interference with the price of silver bullion? The answer can not be found in a consideration of the intricate problems arising from recent developments in international finance or the present status of silver, although even here the facts are assuredly revealing. The complete answer is to be found in history. To understand fully the import of the present movement it is necessary first to follow a thin thread of silver through three-quarters of a century of propaganda, political trickery, and brazen subordination of public welfare to private interest.

The story begins long before the Civil War. This country began its independent existence with a bimetallic coinage standard, erroneously ascribed to Alexander Hamilton, but actually initiated by Thomas Jefferson. This double standard was not a success. In 1853 Congress abolished the free coinage of the silver pieces below the dollar and made them "subsidiary," that is, small-change coins to be made from silver bought as a commodity and to be sold by the Government for gold. The provisions of the law were simple and impossible of misinterpretation. But the

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Director of the Mint of that day, a "lame-duck" politician from Pennsylvania, administered the law in high-handed fashion, with two notable results. One was an avalanche of silver coins that flooded the country and burdened trade and finance for many years. The other was an enormous profit for the new silver industry in the territories of the West. The procedure was maintained from 1853 to 1875, under three mint directors and five Secretaries of the Treasury. In 1873 the coinage laws were revised. The improper administration of the silver coinage was peremptorily prohibited in the bill. But at the last moment a committee interpolated a clause permitting the procedure for two years more. Even at this early date the silver interests, inchoate and unorganized as they were, had learned the art of using Treasury officials and Congressional committees as aids to the mining industry.

The law of 1873 contained a provision creating a new and special kind of silver dollar. This "trade dollar" was solely for use in Oriental trade, and its circulation in the United States was unthinkable. But in the law there was a peculiarly worded clause that made this piece legal tender in the payment of domestic debts. The provision assured domestic circulation for the trade dollar and consequently a new market for silver. Millions of trade dollars were coined and forced upon ignorant and helpless classes of the population, such as the mine-workers in Pennsylvania. It required two years of bitter battling in Congress to have the coinage stopped and eleven more years to have the debased coins redeemed. The only objection to redemption, which was imperative as a matter of common decency, was that redemption would slightly reduce the volume of purchases of silver bullion for subsidiary coinage by the Government.

In 1875 Congress enacted, in connection with its efforts to withdraw the Civil War "shinplaster" fractional notes, a law which called for the purchase of large amounts of silver bullion, the coinage of the silver into fractional pieces, and the exchange of these coins for the shinplasters. The measure was an egregious blunder, financially and administratively unworkable. Its immediate repeal was the only solution. But the friends of silver had passed it, and the Treasury found another procedure. Secretary Bristow bought vast quantities of silver bullion, had it coined into dimes, quarters, and half-dollars, and stored the coins in the vaults, thus entirely nullifying the only purpose of the law, but carrying out that part which aided silver. On the floor of the House it was charged, without contradiction, that the Secretary's purchases were timed to suit the plans of silver bullion brokers, and it was broadly hinted that Treasury officials were personally interested in the flood of silver stocks then on the market. The purchases of silver subjected the Government to a loss of considerably more than $1,000,000.

To this time governmental action in connection with silver coinage, though tainted with bad faith and sinister motives, had resulted only in business inconvenience, mistreatment of the unsophisticated elements in the population, and a loss to the

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Treasury and the people of a half dozen millions of dollars. We come now into an era in which the silver interests, shrewd in tactics and relentless in rapacity, were to have their way at the cost of national injury. The silver dollar had, legally, been a standard bimetallic coin since 1792. It had never been in circulation, and after 1834 its metallic value was such that it could not be coined or circulated. For years the mint had sold specimens of the coin to collectors as a curiosity. In the revision of 1873 this unknown and futile piece was dropped.

No legislative act in our history has created so much rancor and public disturbance. The Republican Party maintained through three presidential campaigns that the dropping of the dollar was a deliberate, reasoned act of a Congress that believed in the gold standard and intended to abolish bimetallism. The Democrats declared with fanatic hate that this "crime of '73" was a surreptitious trick perpetrated by a committee under the influence of Eastern bankers. It is a question which of these two famous party doctrines is the more absurdly incorrect. The omission of the dollar was a routine matter of coinage legislation, confirming a condition that had existed for forty years without public interest or comment. Not one person connected with the measure had recognized the significance of this alteration of the coinage standard. The Treasury official who drafted the measure, the committees that worked on it for three years, the Congress that passed it, and the President who approved it were alike innocent of any real understanding of what they had done. If the silver representatives in Congress, who had been able to write into the bill the trade dollar provisions they desired, had even remotely grasped the meaning of the elimination of the silver dollar, the law of 1873 would never have been passed. These interests knew every word in the measure.

In the fall of 1873 the value of silver began a precipitate decline, almost as rapid as that of the present day. The price soon reached a point where bullion owners could have made a large profit from coining dollars at the old ratio of sixteen to one. But the law had abolished bimetallism. This development arrived simultaneously with the long and painful depression which began in 1873. There was a world-wide decline in general prices. The situation worked sad injury to the Middle West, with its over-expanded agriculture, and to the South, torn by war and reconstruction.

THE stage was set for the most colorful political drama in American history. The silver interests seized upon the depression as their opportunity. American bimetallism, which had never worked in practice, would end a world depression. The dropping of the silver dollar, which had been unanimously accepted by Congress, was a fraud perpetrated on a distressed people. The "dollar of our fathers," which the fathers had never known, had been stolen from the common people by the interests. The masses of the people, economically illiterate and sorely stricken by depression, eagerly clutched at this economic straw. Led by Senators Jones, Teller, Bland and others, the

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free silver members of Congress kept the country in turmoil for two decades.

The revival of free silver at sixteen to one would have involved the country in a financial disaster without parallel in our history, and yet the passage of such a measure was imminent for a generation. The political history of the times is an open chapter, but only the close student of Congressional history knows what legislative tricks and partisan stratagems were employed to obtain an increased coinage of silver and how narrowly national financial suicide was averted. Bill after bill dealing with routine matters of finance carried open provisions or disguised "jokers" of bimetallic purpose. Senator Sherman himself introduced one of these jokers. The House actually passed such a measure.

In the end the silver forces were too powerful to be further resisted. In desperation the sound money members accepted the Bland-Allison Act. The measure may justly be acclaimed the most inexcusable financial blunder in a century-long series of financial mistakes by Congress. In effect it merely ordered the United States to buy and coin into silver dollars not less than $24,000,000 worth of silver bullion a year. It did not restore bimetallism. It did not stimulate business by increasing the volume of money in circulation. It merely forced the people of this country to buy the annual output of our silver mines. Inasmuch as this was the sole objective of the silver Senators they ceased their clamor. The people were deceived by the apparent restoration of silver coinage, and the gold monometallists were glad to accept this hybrid measure in lieu of the almost certain establishment of bimetallism. The annual gift to the silver miners became a routine part of Treasury operations. It was maintained for twelve years.

For a time the measure did no harm. A steady flow of dollars poured from the mints. But the coin was clumsy, unfamiliar, and of very dubious value. The general public rejected it. The negligible population of the West, for partisan purposes, accepted the coin, as did the Southern Negroes, whose inability to read led them to reject printed bills. The great bulk of the dollars poured back into the Treasury in tax payments. Eventually their ownership was transferred from the Treasury, where they were a danger and an embarrassment, to the general public through the device of the silver certificate. The legal ownership of the coins was vested in the holders of the certificates, while the coins lay in a huge inert mass in the Treasury.

For a time the silver interests were content with the subsidy they had extracted, but the American output of silver was increasing. In the Sherman Act of 1890 there was incorporated, as part of a "log-rolling" combination of measures in that famous law, a silver-purchase clause. It was virtually a provision requiring the Government to double its purchases of silver bullion. The amount to be purchased was exactly the annual volume produced in United States mines. So open was the intent to take care of the silver market that the framers of the law did not trouble themselves with provision for the coinage or other disposition of all the metal to be purchased. By 1893 the

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two silver-buying laws had forced into the currency more than $400,000,000 in new money. The gold standard could not stand the strain. In the fall of that year a series of adverse economic events brought on a severe financial panic and ushered in the most tragic period of unemployment, destitution, and general industrial misery the American people have ever experienced. The Treasury found itself unable to meet the demands for redemption in gold of the Treasury notes which had been used to pay for the silver bullion. The Sherman Act was hastily repealed, but its fell influence had already brought economic disaster to the people.

These two ill-favored silver subsidies left as a final heritage more than 550,000,000 silver dollars piled in the recesses of the Treasury. They are owned by the millions of us who daily use the familiar one and two dollar silver certificates. The dollars lie in the vaults, a sodden, undigested mass of coins, of debased character and bar sinister lineage. At the present writing each of them is worth about twenty-three cents. Long since they should have been eliminated as a menace to the financial integrity of our Government, by the simple process of converting them into dimes, quarters, and half-dollars as such coins are needed. No Treasury official, no member of Congress, no President, dares face the savage opposition a proposal for such action would arouse among the entrenched silver forces in Washington.

The World War was a godsend to the silver miners. For many years the price of silver had played around sixty cents an ounce. War conditions drove the price to more than $1. In 1918 the British Government found itself unable to obtain enough silver to maintain the gold-exchange standard in India. In desperate straits, England appealed to her ally, the United States, to part with some of the dust-covered millions of silver dollars in the Treasury. Here was a providential opportunity to rid the country of a useless and dangerous element in the currency. It was necessary only to call in the silver certificates, break up the dollars, and sell the metal to England. No imaginative economist could ever have visioned so ideal a juxtaposition of events as this. It would never come again.

But it was not to be. The same forces that drove the country to financial collapse in 1893 mustered their strength and obtained passage of the Pittman Act. The law provided for the sale of not more than 350,000,000 of the dollars at not less than $1 per ounce of metal, and it directed the Treasury to repurchase exactly the same amount of bullion at the same price from American silver mines and to recoin it into dollars.

If the Bland-Allison Act takes first rank among the blunders of American finance, the Pittman Act may justly claim precedence among all the anti-social measures ever passed in the interests of private profits. The War had already brought an extraordinary price for silver, and now England was in dire need. The silver interests had expected to deliver silver to England on their own terms. England's appeal to our Treasury had menaced this golden prospect. Efforts to prevent the de-

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livery of the coins could not succeed, but Congress could be induced to rescue a part of the anticipated profits by forcing the American people to re-buy all that had been sold at the swollen prices engendered by the War. Otherwise this assistance to our ally, without which British War finance would have collapsed, would never have passed the Senate filibuster that would have greeted it.

Some 260,000,000 American silver dollars were broken up and sold to England at a price slightly in excess of $1 per ounce. In the years after the War an equivalent amount was bought back, from United States producers, at virtually the same price of $1 per ounce. The average price of silver at the time of the purchases was about sixty-five cents an ounce. The United States presented the unique and edifying spectacle of a Government buying many ounces of silver for the useful end of subsidiary coinage at sixty-five cents an ounce and buying millions of ounces more for no purpose whatever at $1 an ounce, the resultant coins to go back to their endless sleep in the vaults. The actual cash loss on the purchases was some $70,000,000. The total costs of the measure far exceed this sum. The sales to England had relieved the country of an obligation of $260,000,000. The repurchases restored this obligation. The metallic value of the dollars at the time of sale was more than $200,000,000. Their present value is $60,000,000. The difference represents the additional loss. That the Congress of the United States should pass such a measure as the Pittman Act is a tragic commentary on government in a democracy.

And now at long last we arrive at the present day, for this disinterment of the dry bones of monetary history exposes the forces back of the present disturbance over silver. The Pittman Act was, eventually, a boomerang. The artificial market stimulated production all over the world, and the completion of the repurchases destroyed the unnatural market. Silver prices began a decline that became a headlong rout in 1930. Early this year the price fell to twenty-five cents, and it has not been far above that level since.

Inasmuch as there has been a persistent, organized propaganda to advance the theory that the decline in silver is a salient factor in the world depression, it is worth while to look at the causes of silver's decline. The nations of Europe went on an inflated paper basis during the War, with consequent dislocation of their monetary standards. Their silver subsidiary coins could not be retained. A number of them, more especially England, Belgium, France, and the French dependency, Indo-China, called in their silver coins and melted them, replacing them with paper, base metal coins, or silver pieces of much smaller silver content. Naturally they have thrown the bullion on the market. Other nations have, for reasons growing out of currency difficulties during the War, greatly reduced their post-War coinage of subsidiary silver pieces. China, the only important country on the silver standard, has had grave internal disorders that diminished her commerce and industry, thus reducing the power of the country to absorb new silver. In the midst of the troubles the Kemmerer commission

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went to China and after a survey of the situation recommended the abolition of the single silver standard. In the light of the present world situation and China's disturbed state, it is not likely that the recommendations will have immediate results. But they exerted an adverse influence on the world silver market.

These were minor factors in the decline of silver. There were two others, much more weighty. The post-War recession in international trade and the decline in silver prices completely reversed the conditions that had forced England to bolster up India's gold-exchange standard with silver bullion. The British authorities found themselves with vast quantities of surplus silver. In 1926 they decided upon technical changes in the currency, including the establishment of a gold-bullion standard, whose net result was a further accumulation of silver rupees that had to be sold in part to preserve the gold foundation of the system. The silver is sold to the Indian people, to become as dowries for brides, as anklets and bracelets for the women, and as stored up property, a part of the unnumbered millions of ounces that have poured into India for centuries. The actual sales by the British authorities have not been very large, but psychologically they have terrorized the holders of silver stocks the world over, for the reason that the Indian Treasury holds more than 300,000,000 ounces in its portfolio still unsold. The primary aim of the movement for international negotiations is to bring pressure on England to extract a guarantee that this enormous reserve, more than the world's annual production, will not be sold in whole or in part to the Indian population. And, finally, the world depression demoralized international trade, restricted the industrial consumption of silver, diminished subsidiary coinage, and above all reduced the power of both China and India to absorb further supplies.

The world's silver market, facing increased production on one side and these adverse conditions on the other, broke badly. This break accounts for the disturbance over silver in America. Once more Congress is to come to the aid of the industry. Even before the resolution of last February, publicity in the interest of silver was being systematically disseminated. As far back as last October Senator Oddie, of Nevada, presented a proposal for a reduction of the size of our silver dollar and half-dollar. Senators Pittman and Borah have made eloquent pleas for silver over the radio. Economists have been bombarded with copies of the Congressional reports and speechs in support of governmental restoration of the price of silver.

THE developments have not been entirely devoid of humor. During the winter Senator Pittman vigorously urged a project to have the United States buy 200,000,000 ounces of silver bullion and lend it to the Chinese Government. This grotesque proposal was too much even for the Senator's own committee and it failed of passage. But it was under consideration long enough for the astonished Chinese financial interests to report that they had not asked for such a loan, had no desire for it, and would reject it if it were tendered. The many editorial writers who pon-

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derously discussed the proposal failed to note the touch of irony in this solicitude for the plight of the Chinese on the part of Western Senators who have been lifelong haters of the Chinese and who had just approved a tariff measure that works grave injury to Chinese prosperity. Just at the time when the outcry for governmental interference was at its loudest the Academy of Political Science asked Sir James Arthur Salter to address them on the question, only to have that eminent British expert reluctantly but pitilessly expose the economic fallacies behind the whole stabilization movement.

President Hoover, hard pressed by the persistent clamor, was driven to announce that he would not oppose American participation in an unofficial conference sponsored by some other nation. Beyond this our Government would not go. Thus the resolution failed signally of its purposes, which were to force Great Britain into an agreement to refrain from sales of silver and to coerce the United States into some form of action to raise the price of silver. The attempt to bring about an unofficial conference has likewise failed. When it became obvious that all the tumult had accomplished nothing, Senator Borah came out openly with an angry threat of revival of the free silver issue, while Senator Pittman departed for China. Senator Oddie had already gone to that country to gather ammunition for the silver cause.

The proponents of silver recognize no hampering facts or principles in their espousal of the cause. The elaborate report of the Senate subcommittee presented with the resolution abounds in economic fallacy and misleading implication. In June Senator Smoot took to the President four Western silver producers to urge the preposterous proposal that the Allies' War debts be paid in silver bullion. Repeatedly they have declared that the fall of silver is a major cause of the world depression. Time after time they have stated that the decline has cut in half the purchasing power of one-half the human race. Even President Hoover has told the American Bankers Association that "the buying power of India and China, dependent upon the price of silver, has been affected." A fall in the price of silver has no more effect on the buying power of India than it has on the buying power of Indiana. China alone among all the important countries of the world has the single silver standard. The population of China, added to the population of all the minor countries still tied up with silver currency values, makes up much less than one-fourth of the world's population, and it is a proportion that plays but a minor part in world trade and industry. All the remaining countries, including India and the Latin American republics, have the gold standard, the gold-exchange standard, or an irredeemable paper money.

In China only, among nations of any economic consequence, is there a connection between prosperity and the price of silver. In most of the world silver is a commodity, like corn or zinc or leather, far less valuable than platinum or gold and somewhat more expensive than nickel or mercury. In declining volume it is still used, by habit and tradition only, as a raw material of subsidiary coinage,

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and it enjoys a wide use industrially and for ornament. The silver industry in America has about the same claims to political favors as any other producer of a somewhat luxurious commodity, such as the silk industry or the celery industry, save only the fact that silver has already enjoyed governmental largess for a half-century.

As for China, it is a question whether the fall in the value of silver has affected that country materially. Undoubtedly imports from gold-standard countries have been made more expensive. But the foreign trade of China is at most but a trivial consideration in Chinese economic life, and the great Chinese masses, using chiefly brass and copper money, are but remotely affected by the price of silver. The intense suffering of the Chinese as a result of falling silver values, so feelingly depicted by the Senators from the Chinese-loving states of Nevada and Idaho, is confined mainly to that small section of the American and European population of the coastal cities whose incomes are in Chinese silver. If the decline in silver has prevented Chinese importation of foreign commodities, by the same token the purchases of Chinese products by gold-standard countries should have multiplied. Look at the figures:

	1929	1930	decline
U. S. imports from China	$166,000,000	$101,000,000	39%
U. S. exports to China	124,000,000	89,000,000	28%
U. S. exports to all countries	5,240,000,000	3,843,000,000	27%

We have here the astonishing fact that China, in the face of a doubled cost for foreign goods, actually maintained its purchasing power far better than the United States, which should have, with Chinese prices cut in half, greatly increased its purchases. Quite as significant is the fact that in 1930 our exports to gold-standard countries declined in almost precisely the same degree as our sales to the Chinese people. But it is not necessary to labor this point. China's import trade has been somewhat reduced by the fall of silver, while her export trade has been vitally injured by the world depression. The *Harvard Business Review* for April, 1931, has shown, in a careful statistical study, that the decline in silver is a negligible factor among the causes of the world depression and that the revival of silver prices would not hasten the return of prosperity.

The general effect of cheaper silver is to increase the quantity of money in circulation in China and in a way to stimulate prices and industry. If the Chinese importer must pay twice as much for foreign goods, the Chinese exporter will in the end receive twice as much for his Chinese products, although this resultant is not achieved at once. Since the middle of 1929 the fall in the price of silver has been paralleled by a drastic reduction in world prices for gold-standard goods. Where the decline in the price of gold-standard commodities has equalled the drop in silver, as in some cases, the Chinese buyer is paying no more for his imports than in the past. It seems highly probable that the new tariff law that bears the name of Senator Smoot has worked as much havoc with Chinese trade as the fall in silver, although neither has done the damage that has accrued from the paralysis of industry in gold-standard countries. A sudden and

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artificial restoration of the value of silver to sixty cents an ounce would double the cost of Chinese goods in all gold-standard markets. Under present conditions it would all but destroy what little export business the depression has left the Chinese people.

GOVERNMENTAL resuscitation of silver would possibly be of some benefit to Mexico. Here and there over the world it would give some comfort to insignificant countries, such as Uruguay, that have bungled their attempts to maintain the gold-standard. But its one material result would be its aid to the silver producers. Just what is the economic stake of the United States in this industry that is able to harass a President, dominate Congress and stir up international discord? In recent years the annual world production of silver has been about 250,000,000 ounces. Of this total United States mines produce 55,000,000 to 60,000,000 ounces. The total United States product at current prices is worth about $18,000,000. The silver industry in this country is thus about as important as the suspender industry. It ranks far below the peanut industry. As to the number of men to whom it gives employment, it is of no consequence. For silver in the United States is overwhelmingly a by-product of the mining and smelting of copper, lead, and zinc. Silver is chiefly a residue from the production of other metals, and in this sense the bulk of its production employs no labor, calls for no capital investment, and has no cost. There is no natural price for silver produced in the United States. The relentless political maneuvering to better the price of silver is not prompted by a need to support an industry or promote prosperity. It is solely a drive to increase the monetary return from a fortuitous and adventitious product of another industry. This peculiar economic and industrial status of silver explains the extraordinary political strength of the silver movement. Silver is in itself a petty product of American industry, but it has behind it not only the direct influence of the silver miners but also the solid support of the copper, lead, zinc, and gold mining interests. These latter refine each year, from domestic and foreign ores, much more than twice the total amount of silver coming from United States mines.

The political constitution of our upper legislative house lends itself to the promotion of sectional interests of this type. The States that produce material amounts of silver are in the main thinly populated Western States, but they are strongly represented in the Senate. The five States that lead in silver production, Utah, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, and Nevada, have a combined population less than that of Philadelphia, but their representation in the Senate is more than ten per cent of the strength of that body. Nevada, with a total population less than that of Little Rock, Arkansas, or Yonkers, New York, has as much weight in Senate proceedings as Illinois or Pennsylvania. Consider further that the silver interests, now as in free-silver days, know no partisan lines. They are single-minded in their devotion to the cause in a Senate in which a small bloc can control the balance of power in vital issues such as the tariff

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or agricultural relief. Consider finally that the intricate and subtle problems of currency and international finance are beyond the understanding of the rank and file of House and Senate. The majority will now, as for more than a hundred years in the past, approve any monetary measure presented by the powerful committees in charge of finance bills.

At the current session of Congress the silver interests, balked of their designs so far, will try again. They are in angry mood. The grim spectre of American bimetallism will be raised again. Economic vicissitudes have always been turned to the advantage of the silver interests. The inherent tendency of the American people to embrace inflation, through paper money, bond issues, or bimetallism, when the heavy burdens of unemployment and low prices press upon them, makes depression periods especially favorable to their projects. William Jennings Bryan, in a dramatic and history-making speech, said that mankind should not be crucified upon a cross of gold. The Savior of mankind was betrayed for thirty pieces of silver.

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Inefficient, Incompetent or Dishonest

By Herbert C. Pell

Tariffs can protect only such industries as the title names

In the past, there was something, from a purely economic point of view, in the "infant industry" argument for a high tariff. Enterprises which had been well developed in the great industrial states of Europe could not be set up in this country unless during their adolescent period they were protected from the onslaughts of powerful competitors. A few years, ten or fifteen at the most, would suffice to establish a new industry firmly enough to face the competition of the world. In order to set up this new industry, it was assumed by some economists that it might be proper to force the country to pay a slightly higher price for a comparatively short time.

Except for this "infant industry" theory, no intelligent economist has ever advanced, in favor of protection, a serious argument based on the general interest.

The statements — they are not arguments — generally put forth in favor of protection in this country are: first, that high duties are necessary to preserve American wages and standards of living and second, that the United States has had a protective system for a long time and is, on the whole, the most prosperous of nations. Each of these is based on premises which the slightest consideration will show to be utterly false.

The statement that a tariff is necessary in order to protect American wages and the American standards of living obviously rests on the assumption that American labor in industry gives less product for its pay than does the labor of competing countries.

It is quite true that in most of the European countries, two men will share the wages of one American but it is equally true that it will take three or more to do his work. The high wages paid to the American laborer are not the result of scarcity or of extortion, but of efficiency. It is true that the ordinary laborer in the United States receives far better wages, both money and real, than does the laborer in any other country but there can be no doubt that he produces far more for his employer than does his competitor. American

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labor is not, as is suggested by these tariff advocates, an incubus, hanging on American industry and extorting for itself an undue share of the product.

I have received a letter from Robert F. Martin, Senior Economic Analyst, Division of Statistical Research, in the United States Government Department of Commerce in which he says,

> With regard to the share of labor in returns from production, it is quite common for people to note the rise in wages and ignore the concurrent rise in labor productivity. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has made some detailed studies of the productivity of labor over a period of years which will be of interest to you. To take a single example, it was found that in the merchant blast furnace industry the output in gross tons of pig iron per man-hour was .141 in 1912 to 1914, .144 in 1919, .178 in 1921, .213 in 1923, .244 in 1924, .285 in 1925 and .296 in 1926. You will note that by 1925 the labor productivity had doubled over the pre-War figure, and by 1926 had more than doubled over the immediate post-War period. Of course more efficient management and some mechanical improvements have had some part in increasing productivity, but the fact remains that for a given unit of labor, production has been rapidly increasing.
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> The readiness of American labor as distinguished from that of some other countries to accept and adapt itself to mechanical improvements has fostered the increased productivity per workman, with resulting lower labor costs, with at the same time higher per capita wages. The most striking example of the results of the adoption of machinery I know of are reported by the Bureau of Labor for the glass industry. Taking the productivity and labor cost by the hand method as a base of 100, the production of various types of bottles by machinery shows a labor productivity of from 742 to 4110 and labor cost per unit of from 3 to 17.

In 1929, 16,910 workers in twenty-eight typewriter factories received $22,352,443; an average of $1,380.98 a year per worker. The statistics of the United States Government show that the value added to the material by manufacture per wage earner was $3,476 per year; almost two and one-half times the amount paid in wages, and 1929 was not a year of low pay. This would hardly indicate that the laborer in the United States is a grafter, extorting more than his share of the national production from the noble manufacturer.

It is true that labor in the typewriter industry is well directed and well handled and that the industry as a whole is a successful one and incidentally one which is in no need of tariff protection.

In 1929, 959,046 typewriters valued at $54,443,357 were produced and 424,243 were exported which were worth $22,843,000 and only 13,704 valued at $41,559 were imported. These were mostly toys.

It is perfectly clear that an industry which is able so firmly to hold its market, that imports only less than five per cent of exports, is an industry which is valuable for the United States to maintain and to encourage. But it is equally clear that it is an industry which does not require the assistance of tariff percentages. It can stand by its own strength. It only needs to be free; it can lose more by Government inefficiency and interference than it can gain from Government aid. It needs protection from domestic bureaucrats, not from foreign competitors. Should it be sacrificed to help the weak, the incompetent or the corrupt?

The second statement is that the United States always has had a pro-

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tective system and that it is a rich country; therefore, our prosperity depends on the continuance of the protective policy. This is hardly worthy of a serious answer. Every intelligent economist the world over knows perfectly well that the unparalleled and almost continuous well being of the United States can be attributed to the fact that it is the greatest free trade area in the world. An American manufacturer can without crossing any tariff barriers whatsoever reach a market of 120,000,000 people. This, even more than the unmatched natural resources of our country accounts for its great economic advantage over other nations. Under modern conditions, the larger the factory, the greater the possible economy and the larger the demand, the larger the possible factory.

If, for example, the area in which hats could be sold was limited to the town in which they were made, does any one imagine that the best and cheapest hats in the world would be made at Danbury, or can any one believe that if the Danbury hats could be sold only in Connecticut or only in New England, that they would be as good and as cheap as they are? Better and cheaper hats are made in Danbury than anywhere else, not because the Danbury manufacturers are protected from Austrian or English competitors, but because they have the largest potential market in the world and to a less extent, because they can draw freely on the resources of the entire United States for their raw material. With this magnificent market in view, a Danbury hatter can afford to install machinery so expensive that it would crush manufacturers in any other nation in the world.

The superior economies of a large factory do not have to be demonstrated to the American people; but as a nation, we seem singularly unwilling to grasp the fact that large factories with their attendant economies are the result of the presence of demand rather than of the absence of competition.

At every election, the professional advocates of a tariff point out to American laborers that the great industrialists, anxious only for the welfare of their employes, require duties ranging from fifty per cent to a hundred per cent in order to continue an unearned wage to the laborers whom they cherish. That American labor has for more than a generation swallowed these absurdities is the best proof that its political intelligence has not developed sufficiently to organize for its own protection. As long as the leaders of labor are quadrennially gulled by the nonsensical and selfish patter of Home Market Clubs, the American capitalist need have no fear of an independent Labor Party.

II

INEFFICIENT, incompetent or dishonest industries are the only ones that can profit by a tariff. A protective tariff is a dam which blocks the normal economic channel and alters the flow of business in order to enrich certain favored fields. Naturally the ordinary person will buy at the best market; that is to say, the place where he can get the most for his money considering his own interests and tastes. If for any reason his access to a good market is

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impeded, he may be forced to go to a bad one.

For example, if the population of an island found that ice prevented the approach of coal barges, it might find itself dependent for fuel on driftwood and when the supply of driftwood was exhausted, it might have to chop up its furniture. This would be a way of "protecting" the dealer in cheap chairs, but it would hardly be for the general good of the community and it would certainly work harm to the local coal dealers who could no longer supply the community with good and cheap fuel.

It is very important that we should always remember that no manufacturer would dream of asking for protection against an inferior article sold at a higher price than his own. No man asks for a handicap from an opponent that he can beat from scratch and if an industry does not fear free competition, it requires no protection.

Does any one suppose, for example, that a tariff of a thousand dollars a piece would materially lessen the number of typewriters brought into the United States? An American manufacturer of typewriters may fear the competition of his American rivals, but the free admission of European machines would be no possible danger for the very good reason that American typewriters are the best and the cheapest in the world. The only manufacturer who is anxious to erect barriers to prevent the American purchaser from reaching a foreign market is the man who realizes that it is to the interest of the ordinary American purchaser to buy abroad and that in spite of the automatic protection given by three thousand miles of ocean, he is unable to meet his foreign competitor either in quality or in price. If the American product is worse in quality or higher in price than its foreign competitor, its producer must either go to the wall or induce the Government to impede the American purchaser from acting freely in his own interests and to assist him in foisting on his countrymen an inferior or more costly article.

It may be objected that among those clamoring for protection, and indeed among the most liberal contributors to the campaign funds of protectionist Congressmen, are found the leaders of certain American industries, the products of which are undoubtedly equal to those made in any other country in the world and the cheapness of which is attested by their very large exports. These are the "throttled industries" in which, in some cases all along the line and in others at some strategic point in their manufacture, an individual or a united group has achieved a control that practically does away with domestic competition.

Since the beginning of the century, except during the War and its immediate aftermath, American steel rails have been delivered at Liverpool more cheaply than they were sold at the mill door in Pittsburgh. I have seen American aluminum sold in London for a lower price than was charged for it in New York. This will suffice for illustration.

These industries, which are amply able to face world competition, want a tariff so as to preserve their monopoly in America. It is absurd to suggest that the management of the

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Steel Corporation or of the Aluminum Company of America have been for almost a generation selling abroad at a loss in order to provide employment for those laborers whom they love so well. Neither the Steel Corporation nor the Aluminum Company is an eleemosynary institution. They are corporations organized for profit and their actions very properly are inspired by the desire to make the greatest possible gain. There is no reason that they should have any other purpose, but there is no reason either that they should be the favored children of the American Government, permitted year after year to charge a higher price to their countrymen than they get from their foreign customers.

It must be remembered that in the case of these companies, a considerable part of their finished product is the raw material of other business men. If, for example, an American manufacturer of airplanes is, because of the tariff, obliged to pay the Aluminum Company of America a higher price for a piece of aluminum than that same company charges his Belgian competitor in the free markets of the world, he will obviously be handicapped in his efforts to sell his product in South America. These "throttled industries," held in the grip of a small and well organized group which extracts an extortionate profit from them, obviously gain from a system which prevents the American purchaser from buying as cheaply as does the foreigner. But it does not seem to me that such monopolists should continue to be favored by the United States Government at the expense of the people at large.

III

THE advocates of a tariff often point out certain industries which they say could not exist without protection and which today employ a considerable number of people. This argument is the same as could be used to advocate the establishment of a pineapple industry in Norway.

At the present moment, Norway finds itself at the mercy of foreign pineapple growers. Prickly fruit produced under the unpaid sunlight of Florida or of Hawaii throttles the efforts of those patriotic Norwegians who are anxious to free their country from this humiliating foreign domination. It is hoped that their cries will soon be heard and that the Norwegian parliament will protect their patriotic efforts by the imposition of a duty of at least five dollars per pineapple. The result will inevitably be a new industry.

It is true that the Norwegian people will pay a high price for the fruit and few will be able to eat it at all, but these few will have the delightful assurance that they are supporting the Home Market Club and its beneficiaries. Gardeners will be employed and glaziers to build greenhouses; coal will be dug or electricity produced to warm and light them. A new industry will spring up. The professor of economics at the University of Oslo will undoubtedly suggest that the Svalbard coal used to heat the greenhouses could have been sold abroad for enough to buy ten times the total number of pineapples produced. Business men will address him in patronizing tones, "Oh yes, that sounds very well in theory but some-

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how or other in practice we have seen that five dollar pineapples seemed to sort of come along on good fishing years — the kind which accompany general prosperity."

The more violent business men of Norway will tell him that he is a wild-eyed professor who has committed the vile offense of knowing what long words mean and who is apparently ready "to burn down the barn to get rid of the rats" and is probably inspired by Bolshevism, Atheism or whatever the unpopular "ism" in Norway happens to be that year.

The entire stupid party of Norway will be aroused to oppose him. The members of the Storting, whose campaign funds have been financed by the pineapple barons, will denounce him as a cloistered theorist, an impractical professor or even worse — oh horrid term! — an internationalist, who merely to raise the standard of living of all Norway, is ready to set a handful of gardeners to some useful work and sacrifice the interests of those profiteers who have so patriotically installed in control of the Government of Norway the party of prosperity and of the full dinner pail, and who in return for their contributions to the only party fit to govern, demand no reward except the privilege of selling pineapples at five dollars apiece. It seems a cheap price to pay for the honor and glory of being governed by the best minds.

Of course nothing could be more absurd than the hypothesis that a nation should serve its industries rather than that the industries should serve the nation. An inefficient or unsuitable business is not a proper subject of public charity. If it can not support itself and can not deliver its product as cheaply as can others, it should be abandoned. If natural conditions unfit this or any other country for the production of a particular article, then that article should not be produced in the country. If natural conditions or the wage scale prevent the economic development of a particular industrial enterprise, then the intelligent commercial mentality should direct its efforts elsewhere.

There are in the United States many industries which use labor at high wages most successfully and are able to produce their goods better and cheaper than can their rivals in any country in the world. It is these industries which should be supported and encouraged. Our present policy oppresses and discourages them. It ties around their neck the burden of supporting the incompetently managed or the unsuitably located.

We can charge nothing to nothing. Inefficiency must be paid for by efficiency. The losses of nationally unprofitable businesses must be made up from the gains of those which succeed. Any increase in general prices obviously means a decrease in real wages and the lowering of the standard of living. An American skilled mechanic receives about thirty dollars cash wages a week. For this, he can buy a ready made suit of clothes of about the same quality as he could have made to measure on the markets of the world for fifteen dollars. It seems absurd that an American workman should be paid three times the price of a four-wheeled car for his work in a year and only fifty times the value of a

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suit of clothes. The practical result is that in every person's budget an unduly large amount goes to support the unskillfully administered industries which must, of course, be taken from the amount which otherwise would have been spent on the more efficient products.

If we were not obliged to pay an enormous tribute to the manufacturers of protected articles, we would as a nation be able to spend a very much larger amount on motors and typewriters, electrical appliances and cheap hats. This increased demand would increase the efficiency of our good factories and would strengthen their hold on the markets of the world.

IV

"KEEP the money in the country" — "Buy American goods" — these are the slogans of the Mercantile theory — which has not been seriously held by any intelligent student of economics since the Eighteenth Century, when it was finally disposed of by Adam Smith. It is based on a profound misunderstanding of the nature, purpose and function of money. Gold coin is regarded as something essentially different from ordinary merchandise and as something particularly worthy of being hoarded. Any expenditure of effort, time or other materials is justified if it will add to the mass of gold already accumulated in the country. This is a policy which we have followed and which is the cause of our present misfortunes and the misfortunes of many other countries. Before the War, the excess of our exports over our imports was taken up by payments of debts owed by us to foreign countries. Since the War, although a creditor nation, we have attempted to continue to sell more than we have bought. "Favorable trade balances" were the object of dazzled politicians and this policy was continued until we had gathered together half the gold in the world and finally collapsed under the ill-balanced and unused hoard. The gold which we have accumulated at the cost of so much labor, ingenuity and material will have to be given away or loaned at absurd terms to any one who will carry it off. It is to be hoped that the present crisis will mark the end of mercantilism in the United States. It will certainly do so if it is severe enough to compel the average American to give some thought to economic matters. If, however, the poverty, hardship and discomfort of the present crisis have not impressed the average intelligent American sufficiently to oblige him to give serious consideration to their causes, we will go on in the same old way until in the course of nature we run into a period of hard times sufficiently severe to arouse his resentment. After all, if the majority of victims are too selfish or cowardly to resent being robbed, we can hardly expect any prolonged enthusiasm in their behalf from others.

The intelligent observer will continue to despise the gull, the good sport, the Pollyanna; those who profit from their stupidity will continue to realize that the main source of great American fortunes will never run dry until the sucker crop fails.

The present crisis will continue until the dupes emerge from their hiding place and once more start buying and selling — in other words, when the rapacity of the stupid be-

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comes greater than their cowardice. Poverty will slowly consume the mass of overproduction — business will start up again and we will once more be in the best of all possible worlds; once more the lambs will flock in with their new grown wool and we will again have prosperity until again the great rob the little shearers. This dull and silly round will last as long as we have a continuous supply of lambs ready to sacrifice their wool.

Mercantilism, of course, is the theory of the miser. How would we appraise the intelligence of a lawyer who could earn fifty thousand dollars a year by the practice of his profession but who spent two weeks out of every month, mowing his lawn or shovelling snow, gathering fuel, or cutting ice in order to save the few hundreds of dollars that he might otherwise have had to give to unskilled laborers hired to perform these services for him? It would be as intelligent as using a silver spoon for a gardening implement.

The division of labor is the beginning of material civilization. There are many local specialties within the nation. Oranges are not grown commercially in Vermont and hats are not made in Arizona. There is no agriculture in New York City. All this because other parts of the country are better suited for the production of the various commodities or because equally good raw material can be purchased more cheaply elsewhere.

V

A very good illustration of the workings of the tariff can be seen in the development of the manufacture of chocolate in Switzerland. I remember well when I was a boy, about thirty years ago, you could be perfectly certain of making a hit with your best girl if you gave her a box of Swiss chocolate. It was a great and rather rare and exotic luxury which would indicate to the dazzled young lady that you were a traveled man of the world. Today, you can not get on any train in America without having the name of one or another Swiss chocolate manufacturer bawled into your ear by a train peddler. The cause of this change in the status of Switzerland is rather interesting and like so many things in Europe goes back to Napoleon.

When the English gained complete control of the sea, there was a serious effort made by the French to develop a sugar manufacture on the Continent and it was from these wars against the English that the sugar beet industry is derived. For years, there was a high tariff on sugar brought into France and some thirty or forty years ago the Germans and the Russians decided that they could no longer be dependent on cane sugar producers. Of course, no sane German or Russian would buy sugar at a high price when it was readily available at a lower. Therefore, high tariffs were placed on sugar coming into Germany and into Russia and this materially lowered the price of cane sugar. The Swiss, who entertained no patriotic or militaristic desire to make sugar out of edelweiss, were ready to absorb the deluge. If other countries decided to sell sugar cheaply, the Swiss received it gladly and the result of the acceptance by the Swiss of the bargains offered

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them by other nations was the enormous increase in their exports of chocolate. There is not in all of Switzerland half an acre devoted to the culture of sugar cane or cocoa beans and yet the production of chocolate has become a great asset to Swiss business.

Does any one imagine that Switzerland as a nation would be better off today if its confectioners had confined themselves to sweets made from Alpine honey or if the Swiss people had been obliged to drink their coffee sour or sweetened with barley sugar? How would it have profited them if they had imitated the United States and given to beet sugar growers (beet sugar would be no more economically unprofitable to Switzerland than it is to the United States) a considerable part of the money which they now spend on other necessities, comforts or luxuries?

The attention of the whole world has been attracted by the British dole. We see the English nation bleeding to death, its strength sapped and its energy blanched by the loss of millions of pounds taken from the industrious and from the successful to be given to the unemployed.

It has been pointed out time and again that a great many of the beneficiaries of the dole, certain of their Government stipend, are making very little effort to achieve independence. Great numbers of citizens appear to have become permanent Government pensioners. Those who are able to support themselves are dragged down by the load around their necks. English manufacturers who could otherwise compete on equal terms with foreigners, find themselves so oppressed by taxes levied to a considerable extent for the dole, that they can no longer carry on and yet in this country we continue to maintain a dole far more costly than that of Great Britain. But it is not, as in England, for the benefit of the poor and unemployed, but for the rich and powerful.

It costs the people of the United States, directly and indirectly, ten times as much as would any conceivable dole. Manufacturers, finding themselves provided with a license to overcharge and realizing that the Government will not expose them to the competition of their more skillful rivals, feel very little inclination to develop their plants to any real degree of efficiency.

American politicians are quite as responsive to the contributions of the American tariff beneficiaries as the English Parliament is to the dole vote. I am inclined to agree with Shakespeare, — "A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet." I see no reason to prefer a subsidy for the rich to a dole for the poor. Taxing the rich to profit the poor may be an unwise policy, but bleeding the exsanguinous in order to stuff the gorged is against nature.

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Disarmament and Bootleg Armaments

By Lewis Einstein

There are more things to be considered at the Disarmament Conference in February than apparent military forces

At the Meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce held in Washington last May, President Hoover referred to the importance of the Disarmament Conference of 1932, as follows:

"Of all the proposals for the economic rehabilitation of the world I know of none which compares in necessity or importance with the successful result of that Conference."

The President expressed an opinion widely held in the United States and associated in the minds of many Americans with the belief that Europe is preparing for the next war. This conviction carries with it a good deal of indiscriminate blame on all continental nations, even the most peace loving, who are lumped together in one wholesale condemnation. Many Americans would therefore like to see our concessions in War debts balanced, in some unexplained way, by European concessions in armaments. A disarmament policy seems to carry out the doubly meritorious purpose of being a step toward peace and a step toward economic progress.

The desirability of an all around reduction in armaments admits of no doubt, but this can neither be accomplished solely on economic merits, nor will disarmament by itself and without other measures be a step toward peace. Armaments, it is pointed out, lead to suspicion, but suspicion leads to armaments, and in last resort both will depend on the opinion which prevails whether the peace treaties are to be upset by violence or modified solely by pacific methods. Should Mr. Hoover press for a great reduction in armaments without considering the functional connection which these have with the treaties he will entangle us in a European question and repeat his former mistakes of seeking to isolate a purpose which is entirely desirable in itself but which can not be divorced from its environment.

The Administration has already done enough harm to our international relations by artificially segregating the most laudable aims

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when these could not be separated from other qualifying factors. Are examples needed? At the Naval Conference, Mr. Hoover having in mind a commendable goal inadvertently embroiled France and Italy and failed to achieve the results proclaimed, because he had neglected to appreciate the diplomatic background of his problem in spite of warnings received from American officials abroad. Last June the President was acclaimed as a new world leader when he announced his famous Plan and enjoyed the first real wave of popularity since his election, by reversing what he had previously said. The unfortunate mistake he made in his diplomacy of omitting to obtain the previous coöperation of France until too late vitiated most of the benefits our sacrifice might otherwise have secured. The initiative which he had snatched for an instant fell when it became clear that his Plan was merely an interruption followed by a void and that the President remained content as a spectator to watch events. Mr. Hoover had seen in the world crisis mainly a financial question, highly important, but in which his own powers were limited. It was natural that he should not venture further along this line, but regrettable that he neglected to discern the importance of restoring confidence in other ways toward a peaceful solution of the world's difficulties, where a policy of his own might have taken a real lead.

Mr. Hoover is still in time to avoid repeating his former mistakes. His wish to secure a reduction in armaments will be realized if he instils conviction that only by peaceful means can the treaties be modified and that violence will lead to disaster. He will succeed or fail in proportion as he obtains acceptance for this belief and not by pressing for technical adjustments of military establishments.

THE question which concerns us is Franco-German relations. In the opinion of many people, France, by maintaining a large army while Germany is disarmed, contributes to European unrest. The French argument that they will reduce their armaments only against corresponding guarantees of security given by other nations meets in many quarters of the United States with the same sympathy which a heavyweight champion would receive if he asked for protection from a weakling whom he had just knocked out.

Yet the image is not accurate. That Mr. Hoover sees also the French point of view and has attempted to offer it some satisfaction was shown by his tentative suggestion made after the Naval Conference regarding a consultative pact. Fortunately, though for other reasons, this met with little favor in America, for it guaranteed only talk. Lately, there have been intimations at Washington that as the price of French support, Germany might be asked to give up her second pocket battleship and renounce her hope to regain the Polish Corridor. These measures even if practical would only show, perhaps, the least important side of the problem. There is little danger of the present German Government's taking steps which will lead to war, even if it is unwilling or unable to restrain the action of

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misguided underlings. There is little danger today in the German regular army, for to a certain extent this can be controlled and kept within reasonable limits. But there is an immense risk in the great half-militarized associations, whose growing activity in a different world from that of official figures and pacific declarations enjoys the sympathy and support of large and influential sections of the German people. These have the numbers, the spirit and the discipline — they still lack much material equipment though the plant and technical skill exist to prepare this at short notice.

Their programme is notorious. Their ambition is to tear up the peace treaties, regain at least the old frontiers and restore Germany to her former greatness. From a German point of view this is patriotic. From any other it means future war. The failure of their plebiscite in Prussia, last August, six weeks after the Hoover Plan had been announced, was considered with little reason abroad as a setback. Yet they brought to the polls nearly ten million voters, or thirty-six per cent of the electorate, and the same ratio would have given them fourteen millions for the whole of Germany. Their gains at the recent elections in Hamburg show them still in the ascendant, helped by the terrible crisis which Germany is traversing. They have made capital out of world depression by their prediction that the Young Plan and the policy of fulfilment would lead Germany to chaos.

It may be difficult to assign to subterranean associations an accurate military value. They constitute bodies of men numbering millions, many of whom are organized along semi-military lines, who plan to upset the existing order in Germany and have before them a programme which can only be carried out by violence, and which blocks the way to European reconciliation.

THE German patriotic associations date from the troubled period which succeeded the World War. The Were Wolf, the Young German Order, and the Steel Helmets were organized mainly by former combatants to fight the Revolution. Altogether they are believed to number today about 1,600,000 adherents, of which the Steel Helmets with their claim to one million members is by far the most important.

A Magdeburg manufacturer named Franz Seldte, who commanded a machine gun company in the War, founded the Steel Helmets late in 1918 with a view to preserving the companionship which men in every station of life acquired in the trenches.

Soon these assumed a reactionary Nationalist color, although better to preserve their unity, unlike the Nazis, they have never organized as a parliamentary party. They were declared illegal in Prussia after Rathenau's murder, but the prohibition was rescinded the following year. In 1929 they were outlawed in the Rhine Province and Westphalia. But in July 1930, after President Hindenburg had become an honorary member, the Association was again recognized.

The programme of the Steel Hel-

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mets openly denounces the peace treaties and the surrender of German territory and colonies. Their members carry out military drills with weapons and instructors lent them, it is alleged, by the Reichswehr. Thus, last July a brief newspaper item announced that the Commandant at Konigsberg authorized the Steel Helmets to hold their drill in the fortress grounds from which the public is excluded. French military critics assert that a number of them serve periods of instruction as volunteers in the ranks of the regular army, but such infractions of the peace treaty, although probable, are almost impossible to prove. Of far greater significance was the anti-Polish rally they held at Breslau last May. The sympathy the Steel Helmets meet with from the Monarchists was shown by the fact that a number of Silesian estates, including Oels, the residence of the former German Crown Prince, and Sybillenort the castle of the former King of Saxony, were placed at the disposal of their detachments for billeting, drill and military parades. One hundred and fifty thousand Steel Helmets, marching to the goosestep, waving the old Monarchist flag, wearing a semi-military uniform but without weapons, with their own squadron of airplanes flying overhead and field kitchens following, paraded for five hours before the ex-Crown Prince, the ex-King of Saxony and many former army leaders like Marshal von Mackensen. Two sons of the ex-Crown Prince who had joined the Steel Helmets took part in this parade as well as Prince Eitel Frederich, the ex-Kaiser's son, and, of even greater significance, General Heye, until recently Commander of the Reichswehr. Later the ex-King of Saxony in the uniform of a Field Marshal inspected the Saxon detachment. And the ex-Crown Prince held a parade several thousands strong on his own estate, and inspected a guard of honor of 151 specially picked young men upon whom he conferred the distinction of henceforth calling themselves the Prince of Prussia's Companionship.

After parading, the Steel Helmets were drawn up to face the Polish frontier which was only a few miles away, and listened to the speech of their leader, Herr Seldte, who announced to his followers that the fight for the life of the German people would be decided in the East:

> We do not abandon the Eastern Marches to the fore, we shall never recognize the frontiers of the Treaty of Versailles and we swear that we shall not rest until all German soil has come back to the Reich.

An official Polish protest was made against the disturbing nature of this gathering to which the German Government replied that the Steel Helmets was a purely private organization and the Reich had no influence in its affairs. Yet one Polish and two Czech agents were arrested by the Breslau police for "spying" on the doings of a private association.

This manifestation took place one week before the German Ministers visited Chequers to ask for English assistance! Dr. Bruening, it was privately said in Germany, had taken no steps to prevent the rally lest the Steel Helmets should turn Nazi. The National Socialist "Na-

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zis" are today the second and perhaps already the largest political party in Germany working in close alliance with the Steel Helmets and with a programme demanding that all people of German race shall be united by self-determination in one great Germany, the cancellation of the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain, and for sufficient land and colonies. To spread these views they have held 20,000 mass meetings in a single year addressed by specially trained speakers. They employ 60,000 S.A. (i.e. *Sturm Abteilung*), the so called shock troops, recruited principally from former officers and students who wear the party uniform, are paid out of the party funds, insured by the party against injury, and whose duty is to protect their own meetings and break up those of their opponents. Skilful propaganda has enormously increased their influence. Boys of from fourteen to eighteen are being organized all over Germany as Hitler youths. The formation of the "cell" on the Bolshevik model is one of their tactical methods and every S.A. undertakes the duty of creating a cell in his place of work and in the district in which he lives. A bid for the working class vote is made, so far without much success. The party policy is, however, to establish friendly relations with the police and the army by personal contact and obtain the control of the Reichswehr and the Ministry of the Interior. Many younger officers on patriotic grounds are in warm sympathy with the party aims.

A particularly disquieting feature lies in the German official support given to Nationalist ideas which do not make for peace. The prevalent opinion outside Germany is that there is a complete acceptance of the loss of Alsace Lorraine and that German hopes of recovery centre only in the East. But is this correct? On the occasion of the French evacuation of the Rhine the German Mint to commemorate an event which Paris regarded as an act of graciousness, struck a three mark coin bearing the inscription, "The Rhine is a German river but not the German frontier." Is it without significance that the new German pocket battleship has been officially designated the *Ersatz Lothringen*? Such provocations may be regarded as feeble gestures which it is wiser to overlook. But in a situation as nervously strained as the one today, if we were in the same position, hearing threats and watching preparations, with the prospect that we might later have to fight on two fronts, would we feel the efforts of another power to reduce our margin of safety to be a step towards peace or the reverse?

In a disarmed Germany there are believed to be today more than four million men who have received a complete military instruction. French experts are convinced that except for heavy artillery — for tanks can be made out of tractors — there exists sufficient equipment to put a million men immediately in the field. The budget of German National defense seemed high at 459,000,000 marks in 1924–25, but rose to 763,000,000 in 1928–29. The credits voted for maintenance and replacement of armaments were greater in 1930 than in the year

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before the War, and large enough to manufacture many times the number of munitions and machine guns authorized by treaty. The cost of the half militarized *Schutz Polizei* figured in the 1928–29 budget at 870,000,000 marks.

Talking recently to a great European captain of industry, specially conversant with armaments, who is not a Frenchman, nor unfriendly to Germany, I asked his opinion about the credits which Berlin required. He was entirely in favor of granting these, but said he would make them conditional on the dissolution of the Steel Helmets, which in his opinion lived by propaganda, and the surrender to an international board of the control of the German Dyes Trust. I asked why, and he answered that future war was being prepared in its chemical laboratories, which were heavily subsidized by the German Government.

If his charge is correct, it is sufficiently disquieting.

Official armaments in Europe offer today only an incomplete side of a picture which conceals much more hidden militarism than is commonly suspected. The future of these organizations must be settled by the Germans themselves, but any attempt we make to cut down the regular military establishments, while taking notice of irregular ones, encourages the irresponsible elements in Germany. The more successful our effort, the greater will be this danger and the more we shall unconsciously take sides and aid those who now arm in the dark.

Mr. Hoover can promote disarmament only if he is prepared to give substance to the shadowy Kellogg Pact, and make plain our determination to keep peace. Let him announce that if ever the necessity arises we propose to decide for ourselves who is the future aggressor and take measures accordingly. If we can convince the world of a purpose which threatens no peace loving nation, it will be less difficult to obtain a reduction of armaments.

In the present disorder it is taking a great risk to try to weaken the few remaining props of peace, even if these have to find refuge behind military establishments. We show ourselves better friends of the German people by taking this view than attempting a one-sided disarmament for the benefit of those who read the future only in terms of war.

The Treaty of Versailles has few friends in the United States, but even Germans like the late Foreign Minister Von Kuhlmann admit that with all its faults it is now the basis of public law in Europe and that its destruction would lead to chaos and war. Only in one way must the Treaty never be revised and that is through another conflict. That other means exist to modify its provisions has been shown by the successive phases of Reparations. The responsibility will be before Mr. Hoover at the Disarmament Conference to refrain from encouraging violence by a short-sighted pacifism which would destroy the hopes of those who seek future peace.

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The Lassiter Place

By John Lineaweaver

A Story

"I SHOVED my hat to the back of my head and I stuck out my chin. 'Laugh, you son of a hayseed. Laugh, damn you,' I might have been saying. But what I was really saying was, 'Which way to the haunted house?' Me asking the way to a haunted house!

"'You mean the Lassiter place, I reckon,' he says, looking me up and down.

"'I reckon I do,' I says.

"Time out while he shifted his chew. 'Well.' Pause. 'You see this here road?'

"'I ought to,' I says. 'I seem to be standing on it.'

"'Well . . .'

"'Follow it?'

"'Yes, sir.' He bobs his head up and down like I've done him a favor. 'Yes, sir, that's just what you do. You follow this road.'

"'Which way?' I pursues.

"'Sir?'

"'Which way? This way?' I pointed. 'Or that?'

"'Oh! That-a-way.' He nods the way we was headed. 'Yes, sir, you just follow this road that-a-way.'

"'How far?' I keeps on.

"'Well . . .'

"'One mile?'

"No sale.

"'Two mile?'

"'Yes, sir.' It clicked. ''Bout two mile, I'd say.'

"'Any way I can tell the house when I get there?'

"'Well . . .'

"'Any houses between here and the Lassiter place?'

"'No, sir,' he says. 'Don't seem like they are. That is . . .'

"'All right,' I says. 'That's just what I'm asking. I'm one of these crazy newspaper guys, just in case you should wonder about me after I'm gone. Out on a story, about that house. For the *Call*. Know anything else?'

"'Sir?'

"'Never you mind,' I says. 'You've had a long enough workout for one day already, I reckon. You better go home and rest.'

"'About that house,' he says, scratching his head.

"'Yeah?'

"'It's . . . well, it's . . .'

"'No kiddin'!' I says.

"'Yes, sir — I mean no, sir, I ain't kiddin'. That house . . .'

"'Never mind now,' I says. 'You just run along home. And don't believe all you read in the news-

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papers. It's mostly the bunk . . . especially what I'm going to get out of this Lassiter joint.'"

MADDON paused and looked at me, to see how I'd taken it. "But it wasn't the bunk," he said in a puzzled voice, looking away. "Nope, it wasn't the bunk." His face reddened. "Go ahead, laugh, damn you. Laugh your fool head off. But I know what I'm talking about. God, it gives me the snakes just to think about it!"

"What gives you the snakes?" I asked.

"Oh, go ahead, laugh," he said. "You're the wise guy all right. You know it all."

"I'm not laughing," I said. "Do I look like I'm laughing? Quit stalling. Go on with the story. You were standing there on the road . . .?"

"Well . . ." His muscles relaxed. His chin came in line. The red gradually left his cheeks and the puzzled expression returned to his eyes. "I started on down that road, and, geeze, it was one peach of a day! I never saw such a day. We don't get 'em like that in town. It looked like a scene in a show, the way the light was on them hills. And the trees! . . . Geeze, they was pretty! And the air was as mild, November or not . . .

"Well, I walked one mile, sniffing that air, as I say. Then I walked two. I walked three and by that time I'm beginning to wonder. 'I might have known it,' I thinks. 'That hayseed directed me wrong.' It was beginning to get dark, too — the sun was going down. And then, just as I'd about called it a day, the road took a turn and — well, there she was."

"The house?"

"Sure, the house. What else am I talking about?" He looked at me sharply, suspicious still. "Sure, the house," he went on, "and, man, it was a darb of a place! In a way . . . Of course it was old, but — well, you know. It had pillars in front and lots of porch. There wasn't much paint on it, one shutter was loose and the roof needed fixing, but — well, it was a darb of a place all the same. Or it could have been. In summer the trees would have hid it, I guess — there was lots all around. But now, with the leaves mostly gone, you could see it as plain . . ."

"I get you," I said.

"So I walked straight down the walk and up on the porch, and there wasn't no bell, but a knocker. I give it a swing."

"You gave it a swing," I prompted.

"And a nigger come to the door." Maddon paused. "A nigger come to the door," he said. "A little old gray-haired dinge — the butler, I thinks. He opened it wide, so I could see in the hall. That is, I could have seen in the hall if there'd been any light. But there wasn't. 'Saving gas,' I says to myself. 'They sure must be poor.'

"'I'm from the *Call*,' I says to the dinge. 'The Richmond, Virginia, *Times and Call*. Is your Missus at home?'

"And just then I saw her. She was standing there on the stairway above us, a little, thin mite of a old lady; and the second I saw her I knew I wouldn't get in that house . . . She stood there a minute, looking, not saying a word. Then she points with one shaking finger and

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— well, the door bangs shut in my face.

"I stood thinking a while. Then I slammed my hat on my head and went on down the steps. No use trying to argue with that kind of ladies, I knew — knew from away back. But maybe I hadn't a burn! No story to show for my hike, no nothing. I went as far as the gate and stopped, to try and figure things out.

"Well, I hadn't been there very long when a team comes along. I looks up, and damn if it ain't my buddy, driving 'em home. He sees me and stopping the team, calls down, 'Well, I see you got here all right.'

"'Yeah, I got here,' I answers.

"'I tried to tell you about it,' he says. 'But . . .'

"'I found out for myself,' I stops him.

"'It's worth seeing, though, ain't it?' he says.

"'Oh, sure. Sure.'

"'A right purty place.'

"'Oh, swell,' I says. 'I just loved walking four mile to see it.'

"'Lots of folks seems to. They come from all over — from Richmond and New York City — all over the place. Lots of 'em figures on buying.'

"'Why don't they?' I asks.

"'I can't say that,' he says, shaking his head. 'I don't know.'

"'Wouldn't she sell?'

"'Wouldn't who sell?'

"'The lady that owns it. Miss Lassiter.'

"'Miss Lassiter?'

"'Well, whatever her name is — the lady that lives here.'

"He looked at me like I was crazy. 'Don't nobody live here,' he said. 'Ain't nobody lived here going on twenty year, ever since Miss Lassiter's killed.'

"I stared.

"'No, sir,' he says. 'Ain't nobody lived here since then. Little old dried-up nigger, Tom was. You'd never have thought it to look at him. They lynched him just about where you're standing. I remember his feet was almost touchin' that gate.' He sighed and lifted his whip. 'Well, good night to you,' he says. 'Pity you got to walk all that way back.' And he was gone."

Maddon leaned suddenly forward. "But I didn't walk back," he said. "And now you can laugh — I *ran*."

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The Future of Aristocracy in America

By James Southall Wilson

Let me begin with a truism. Then I shall be certain of your agreement with me at the start; and I am sure enough to be run into the guardhouse by some of my readers before we part company. There will always be opposing views in the world of action and ideas. Certain antinomies are inevitable; such as realism and idealism in philosophy, the classical and the romantic temper in art, institutionalism and individualism in government, the progressive temperament and the conservative in politics. Socially there are the opposing points of view of the democrat and the aristocrat. But a great deal of confusion exists because tempers and philosophies do not always match. A perfectly good theoretical democrat sometimes is as aloof as a Timon; a shamelessly consistent defender of aristocracy as a social necessity may have a heart that will love his neighbors in spite of philosophy.

The greatest impediment to clear thinking in this country on the subject of social democracy and aristocratic standards is the identification of democracy as a method or principle in government with the social implications of the word. Here is the form of the fallacy. We are a democratic country; therefore all men are equal, and equality means the elimination of all social differences: hence one man's standards are likely to be as good as any other man's standards. We will dance to the fiddle of any one who will pay for the fiddling.

It is beside the point of my discussion but none the less true that the United States did not begin, even politically, as a for-by-and-of-the-people democracy. It was a long time before the principle — not to say the practice — of universal white manhood suffrage became common to all the States. It came more readily in the Southern States for the very reason that social aristocracy was a thing apart from political suffrage, and slavery as an economic system removed the problem of the vote of the most illiterate laborer.

Even granting the achievement now of the theory of a universal suffrage and the supposed aim of a government for all of the people, it is obvious that in a country as vast and seethingly unstable as this there can never be a government either of

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or by all the people. Yet no one can reasonably deny that we have a political democracy, and one that *in theory* at least is far more representative of all the people than the founders planned it to be. Therefore, the implication is drawn, we must have a social democracy too; one behind the other to the ballot box means side by side at the punch bowl; your girl and Tom Tiddler's boy in the same seat of the automobile. And Jefferson's name is invoked in the land of his faith to carry the day. Charming Lady Astor, speaking within sight of his mountain, called Jefferson a "democrat in spots" because he built his majestic home on the aloof heights of Monticello. But Jefferson knew his own mind. He might write fine phrases of ideal philosophy in the fine fury of a partisan war document of grievances, "All men are created equal. . . ." In practice he was the champion and defender of a workable system of government that protected as nearly as might be the rights of all men, insuring the perpetuation of justice; never the demagogue rubbing shoulders with the rabble. It was well enough understood that though Jefferson had a passion for the promotion of the welfare of the common man he took little pleasure in Buck, Billy and Ben of the street corner. In one of those genial letters of his mellow age he wrote his old adversary, John Adams, "There is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talents." He added that he and Adams differed as to what should be done with "the artificial aristocracy, founded on wealth and birth." So he sat in his comfortable chair and wrote letters and ever more letters and he squandered part of his fortune in entertaining interesting persons from the courts of the winds because inevitably he gathered about him spiritually the aristocracy of talent and virtue that he found congenial. Even old Thomas Carlyle, dyspeptic giant that he was when he so thrasonically bellowed his criticism of American democracy, that its chief product had been so many millions of the worst bores the world had ever known, would not altogether have been out of sympathy with Thomas Jefferson's aristocracy of talent and virtue.

It was Andrew Jackson who first turned the democratic donkeys into the republic's parlor. His was a political not a social gesture. The Jacksonian Democrat swapped yarns and tobacco at the post office with his fellow Democrat and, in the South, certainly, entertained him in the overseer's "office" — even gave him casual invitations to meals that he never accepted — but the "Mrs." of the Big-House and the "Mrs." of the little house exchanged calls only on the roadside from their vehicles or before the church door on Sundays. The great social gulf was fixed: all the more because the aristocrat pretended it wasn't there, and the other, though so tolerantly, so carefully observed it. It was not that he acknowledged an inferiority — this non-aristocrat. He would have fought for his economic, his legal, or his political equality, but socially he recognized a fact. There were two worlds and to one he didn't belong. He would have been uncomfortable and unhappy in the parlor or at the table of the man with whom

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he could dispute about politics or even ride with, behind the hounds, in comfortable companionableness. So it was that the aristocratic South could all the more easily be the democratic South in Jackson's day and after. The young aristocrat with easy accommodation dropped from the more formal manner and speech of his own dinner table and women folk to the looser language of the stables and the tobacco juice battles around the "office" stove. There was no feeling of better or poorer about the matter — except by the measurements of the parlor.

East and South, in the old States, the aristocratic tradition was powerful and all pervading — in politics, in the pulpit, in literature, in the press: one was born a gentleman or, if one aspired socially at all, one learned to be as much like a gentleman as possible. The imitations were often most discernible by their too smooth perfection. There were for the making of a tradition the Bradfords, the Aldens, the Adamses, the Lowells, the Holmeses, the Lodges; names accumulated rather than changed. Irving, Hawthorne, Melville, Cooper, Bryant — even Emerson and Thoreau belong in the aristocratic tradition. No matter what the ancestors had been, the men were aristocrats in taste and behavior. It is no argument to say that often the aristocratic background of a family or a man was young: the significant fact is that it is acknowledged. Even Whittier was a conformer to the social conventions; not until Whitman is there defiance.

In a State like Virginia it is remarkable that when a Patrick Henry, a Thomas Jefferson, a John Marshall, a James Mason either arose from the populace or identified himself with its cause, his family no less after him was a part of the aristocratic tradition. Like England the aristocracy was a vampire sucking up for its own strength the best blood from below. Any man could come up, and there were consequent mergings of classes that kept families from being too sharply, too clearly differentiated. Cousinships crossed the border every now and then. The fringes formed a pattern of infinite vagueness.

There was no cleavage in politics along social lines. A very aristocratic manner or reputation might prove a handicap. Jefferson wrote in 1813 in contrasting Massachusetts with Virginia, "A Randolph, a Carter, or a Burwell must have great personal superiority over a common competitor to be elected by the people even at this day." Often the warmest advocate of an extension of popular privileges would be a man of high birth and breeding — James Madison, James Mason, Colonel Bland. Episcopalians were among the leaders in the disestablishing of the church. In the homely life of that earlier day there was a friendly mixing of classes on semi-social occasions, but the standards of taste and manners were set by the smaller and upper group. Good taste and good behavior were more or less forced on the gentleman because they were the marks of his breeding; he could do no other. The lady was "such a lady" because she could have made no one believe less of her; the ruling class is always without freedom to give up its standards if it is accepted and accepts itself *as* the ruling class. So

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for the first century after American independence, there was a social aristocracy, North and South. And luckily; for a pioneer people needs incentives to good taste and good behavior. Even at that, as Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens observed, American manners were not lovable in foreign eyes, and taste was less unimpeachable than the beauty of our household antiques might incline us to believe.

II

THE identification of political democracy with an absence of social distinctions gained a currency in the West where economic conditions combined with social and historical circumstances to prevent hardening of ancestrial traditions and social conditions. Those men hadn't in imagination crossed the ocean in one romantically named little ship. The vast city-grown industrial development in the East was unfavorable to the aristocratic tradition. Flamboyant city newspapers made newly rich families as famous as widely advertised crackers or soap. Trade marks were more than coronets, and bank accounts than Norman blood. City life outgrew small coteries and their social influences. Old names had themselves been so well advertised by time that they held some prestige and importance but not enough overwhelmingly to color the aspirations of the general public or even to invite imitation. The very rich became more conspicuous than the aristocrats and felt themselves more important. It was no longer even fashionable to have good taste or good manners. It was stuffy and old-fashioned to act like ladies and gentlemen. Hollywood began setting the fashion.

In the Southern States the degeneration of the aristocracy began with the Civil War and was completed by the World War. The public schools gave competence and confidence to the sons and daughters of the overseer class and its cousins. A new social group emerged and freely intermarried into the fringes of the impoverished aristocracy. There was a steady stream from the counties into the small towns, then on to the cities. The prosperous made their way up, the less prosperous became socially submerged. Driven to the public schools, where the mass behavior is influenced from the bottom, the young boys and girls of the old aristocracy accepted the easier ways of the group they found themselves a part of and became a little ashamed of the starched proprieties of the home circle. Dignity is confused with stupidity, reserve with snobbery, and refinement with priggishness. These tendencies were accelerated by a backwash from the West. They came singly, in pairs, or in groups, and with thrifty industry were soon able to buy up the deserted lands of impoverished or city-dwelling natives. Many of them were men who married quiet, hard working girls of the emerging lower classes. Sometimes the wives, reminiscent of old ambitions, gave to their homes the sweet arbored retirements of the older South. But usually these sons of the West could be spotted by the house boldly set upon a hill without blinds and with no tree near it on any side. So they opened casements of their hearts to memories of their childhood.

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In cities or States in which the leaders and the ruling elements are from these recently emerged groups there is a more energetic and progressive and a more material spirit. In such places, the industrialization of the community goes forward more rapidly, with consequent prosperity. Politics changes complexion more easily to fit its economic needs. Little of the grace, dignity, and elegance of the old South remains. The self-abnegating devotion to principles is forgotten or regarded with amusement or suspicion. Even when the aristocrat becomes industrialized, he is usually arrogant and selfish and stands in the way of community advancement. For had he been touched with idealism or romanticism, he would probably have remained firm in his aristocratic tastes and predilections. On the other hand the practical, matter of fact, born-booster may take a childish delight in linking his city's prosperity with his own.

Whatever the reasons and however it came about, North, South, East, and West, the aristocratic standards which were a generation ago so prevailing in the United States have disappeared and, especially in the younger-married-set stage, there is nothing that can be outlawed with "it isn't done." In manners, morals, taste, and behavior of all sorts, every one is a law to himself; or perhaps follows his fellow in following no laws at all.

III

THE United States and Russia of the Soviets are the two outstanding experiments in civilized life without an aristocratic element. The condition makes for plastic freedom, but so does chaos. The amœba is freer than man. Our day is a normless one — in art, in music, in literature, in religion. But the artist is competent to find his own way; he is in some sense a specialist finding his own problems as well as their answers. Society at large, on the other hand, is a vast herd of thoughtless and thoughtful, of weak and strong; and a great part of what most people like or think or do is taken more or less ready-made through more or less imitative processes. In fact the more thoughtful persons need for more important activities the release of thought and energies which comes from a large part of conduct being standardized by convention and accepted opinion. Even in a land belabored by a big question-mark many people still do or do not do many sorts of things because it never occurs to them that they can do otherwise. It is a fair conjecture psychologically that the host of college students and other young girls and boys who have kidnapped, staged hold-ups, disappeared in spectacular ways, would none of them have done so if they had thought of these things as acts outside of the range of possibility for themselves. When they began to think of the perpetrators of such deeds with admiration, or to play mentally the rôle themselves with satisfaction, the prologue of the act had begun. In effect the loose behavior and cheap taste of the sentimentalized cinema and criminalized press have supplemented in influence the former aristocratic standards, so long tacitly accepted as valid. The masses have submerged the classes, even in the

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colleges, and the professional baseball star and the prize-fighter are chosen to set the criterion of taste and behavior where once neither was even admitted.

It is the weakness, inevitably, of aristocracy in a democracy that it must be unorganized. Societies of D. A. R.'s and Colonial Dames can be organized and aristocrats may be members, but their very nature is opposed to the aristocratic tradition; for the genuine aristocrat is ever above proving his aristocracy, and he preserves a fine flavor of individuality even when he surrenders individualism to a cause or an organization. The hosts of friendly men and energetic boosters can organize. It is in their nature, and to organization wholly they owe their strength. The aristocrat has a common code and like taste with all men bred congenially to the same world as himself. Fidelity to a code and sureness of taste make his actions sure and his understanding of all in the same tradition certain. So that a sort of freemasonry exists, let us say, among Charlestonians of the old stock or English patricians that is a bond surer to trust in than organization with its laws and its by-laws. And the service of the aristocratic tradition is in part, for the rest of mankind, in this. For its ways and its tests can be learned from no *Perfect Etiquette*. They must be sensed, felt, somehow entered into as a possession. Therefore, they not originally of the tradition, who begin to follow in it, are not merely slavish or imitative. They must become in part aristocrats before they can honor the tradition or respond intelligently to its salutations. To desire to enter into its ways is in itself a sort of password through the first gate: for the aristocratic tradition has lost in America at least its worldly consequence, and its satisfactions are largely now those of restraint. For these things still distinguish it when it survives. It sets good taste as the warder of the brain and the first guide of social conduct; then, without arrogance but with great self-confidence, it defines good taste as its own taste. Dignity and sobriety it prefers to exuberance and license. It fits behavior to occasion and makes even style and friendly good will conform to beauty and fitness-in-all-things. Especially it eschews garishness and publicity seeking and all sorts of theatrical display and sensation mongering. It accepts the past as its tutor but steadfastly maintains its own ability to make its own interpretations of the lessons it learns. Such are the elements of the aristocratic tradition as here or there it lingers in an austerely independent group or in the person of an unsurrendering representative of an old order.

Instinctively men would catch its spirit if once again there were awakened for it an admiration rather than a sense of superiority — that most insufferable superiority of ignorance. For admiration is the gentlest and most agile of teachers. Henry Esmond, and that gentle breed in America who knew him so well, are by the young bloods rated as prigs, for they sought admiration as Catoes who would be applauded by good judges for acting well their parts: but it never occurs to them by the same token to call "prig" the girl or the young spark who to gain

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the silly approbation of fools commits some act of folly.

So far would I differ from those who consider an aristocracy incompatible with a political democracy that I am persuaded that a highly civilized life can be maintained in a democracy only by the prevalence of such a standard of thought, taste, and conduct. Some sort of criteria will emerge; and more easily of another standard than "the best." The popular criminal or the prettiest actress, the best home-run hitter or the best swimming champion may set the pace as easily as the new oil millionaires or the man who sells most automobiles. With the schools and colleges swarming with youths but one generation from illiteracy and with a childish obsession in just glittering "things," it will not be surprising if the millions in the United States swing free for a space from all time-recognized values. But if the hardihood of the English stock upon whose laws and institutions the other traditions of the republic are based endures, it will hold intact the temper and the tone of the American aristocratic life that so many of foreign stock would damn with the word "respectability" — spoken with a sneer. If such an aristocratic tradition is restored to its proper stabilizing influence it will be chiefly that of Jefferson rather than of Adams. An aristocracy of rank and birth is static and fixed by authority, but an aristocracy of talent and virtue is established by its own just values. Meantime the unrecognized aristocrat applauds the jazz dancer — with an urbane smile.

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More Regulation?

By Hugh M. Foster

What are the signs concerning Government interference in business, and where are they pointing?

People seem to be startled by the idea of Government regulation. At luncheon conferences men have a way of upsetting coffee cups when the subject is introduced. There is no real reason for such jumpiness, for business has been regulated in one way or another for a generation or more and yet has continued to function, if at times haltingly. The Department of Justice has been prosecuting violators of the anti-trust laws since their enactment. The Federal Trade Commission has been making investigations and issuing cease and desist orders since its creation in 1914, in order to maintain the fetish of competition. The pure food law was enacted on June 30, 1906; but, despite its broad provisions against adulteration and misbranding, or perhaps because of them, the food industry has endured and prospered.

There has been enough talk lately to suggest still more regulation. For example, Senator Nye has two ideas on the subject and is enthusiastically urging support of two bills, incorporating his views, not passed by the last Congress, but to be introduced at the present session; one providing for a Federal Trade Court and the other adding more laws to regulate business. The Senator contends that his court will quickly dispose of unethical practices and set up a series of precedents; also, that it will cure the Federal Trade Commission of impotency in dealing with unfair methods of competition. The delays of present court procedure lead him to the thought of improving conditions by setting up another court. He has a hopeful disposition.

In a recent speech he likened the development of chain stores to that of trusts years ago, then elaborated the old argument that chains sap the economic life of small towns by transmitting profits to absentee owners, instead of investing in local enterprises; as independent merchants, according to Senator Nye, of course, would do. His suggestion was that independent grocers buy what they have to buy only from concerns doing business in the same way as themselves. Of course, if two or more merchants agree to do anything like this, the agreement is a conspiracy in restraint of trade, but perhaps the independent grocers could transfer the consequent prosecution by

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the Department of Justice to Senator Nye, or plead him as an excuse in answer to a cease and desist order from the Federal Trade Commission.

Senator King, too, has some thoughts about the growth of business and the necessity for Government control. He has said:

> When in Russia a few years ago, in conversation with Rykovf, Trotsky and other leading Bolshevists, I learned that they looked with unconcealed delight upon the growing power of corporations in the United States and the economic and industrial policies which were creating what some declare to be an oligarchy of wealth. Some of those with whom I spoke predicted that socialism was inevitable where a limited number of corporations or individuals controlled the wealth of the country. There are serious objections to the Federal Government regulating in an effective manner all corporate interstate activities, but in my opinion the people will prefer Federal control of our economic life.

Colonel William J. Donovan, Assistant Attorney General in the Coolidge administration, has added his warning. At the first convention of the National Chain Store Association he said that it was conceivable that a chain store could monopolize the retail business of a particular section and that the consolidation of a few large chains would raise this serious question. Admitting that size does not necessarily violate the law, he pointed out to his hearers that the test is the use to which the power coming from size is put. He enumerated more than half a dozen ways in which chain stores could exert their power so as to violate the laws. No rule of reason could be evoked, he said, and any fixing of prices, no matter how beneficent the intent, is violative of the law. He thought that the mere indication of the possibilities of danger ought to bring home to the industry the necessity of self-regulation in order to avoid regulation by the Government. His warning was, "There must be such an administration of your affairs as will convince the public that it is completely and fairly served without the necessity of Federal regulation."

Some of my friends in the legal profession, who take care of trade associations, have told me recently that the idea of Government regulation of the food industry is preposterous. "It is just nonsense and worse," they say. "It would require an amendment to the Constitution." Strange, how lawyers forget the ease of recent constitutional amendments. Yet Colonel Donovan reminded the chain store men of Government regulation of public utilities and said that the theory was that the absence of competition necessitated governmental regulation for the protection of the public, and that the theory had been extended from time to time to new enterprises because of their peculiar relation with the public.

When does an ordinary business become a public utility? That is the queston Colonel Donovan propounded to the chains. It is worth their consideration. The present generation probably does not remember the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, where the telephone was first exhibited and called an amusing toy. There is certainly nothing amusing about it today and it is distinctly a public utility. Does growth, then, mean Government regulation?

Mr. E. C. Sams, president of the J. C. Penny Company, appreciates

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the point. As one of the most far-sighted men in the chain store business, he has spent much of his time in the last few years trying to make his company more welcome in the small cities and towns where it has penetrated. He has gained some success by the simple expedient of showing interest in local affairs. Mr. Sams says it is inevitable that politics will take hold of the chain stores and eventually regulate them and restrict them, to the economic disadvantage of every one. He wants the chain store association to exert itself to replace public indifference with public confidence, group antagonism with group respect and political attacks with political support.

William Nelson Taft, editor of the Philadelphia *Retail Ledger*, told the chain store men what would be the result of "chain baiting." He reminded them of the agitation, in the early 'Nineties, against department stores, which resulted in State taxation laws. The outcry soon turned to mail order houses and their catalogues were burned in town bonfires. Considering the recent financial difficulties of department stores and mail order houses, imagine how their proprietors must smile today at the recollection of such wild riots in economic history! However, those businesses are by no means extinct and there is reason to believe that their competitive power may be far greater in the future.

Edward A. Filene, president of the department store in Boston, says that the retailer must bear in mind that, in addition to the competition from chain stores, he will have to endure far stronger competition from chains of department stores. As instances he cites R. H. Macy and Company, with annual sales approximating $100,000,000 in the New York store alone, also owning or controlling the stores of La Salle and Koch, Toledo, and Davison-Paxton-Stokes, Atlanta; and the Associated Dry Goods Corporation, controlling a chain of department stores stretching all across the country. Mr. Filene predicts that as the department store outdid the individual small store, so the chains of department stores will overshadow the present chain stores and that no department store or single line chain will be able to withstand them. He writes, "You will bear in mind, of course, that the department store itself has no choice in the matter. Unless the department store meets the chain stores, in the way I have mentioned, it will likewise be put out of business."

Complacent chain store men smile at the antagonism of retail merchants toward chains. They retort, in a Marie Antoinette sort of way, that the retailers of a generation ago survived the department stores and mail order houses and that probably their successors, or enough of the good ones to furnish fair game, will outlive the present struggle. Other chain store men do not smile. They are fighting anti-chain legislation in every State where it has been enacted with all the means at their disposal. A nuisance tax is expensive and — a nuisance. Besides, the antagonism is far greater today than it was years ago and present economic conditions help to foment it.

Mr. Taft sees a further danger. The Canadian sales tax was moderately successful during the War and

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has been more so since. Georgia, Kentucky and Mississippi have already followed Canada's example and other States are taking the cue. Trade associations have adopted reams of resolutions opposing such a tax, but without appreciably dimming the prospect. Mr. Taft declares that only the concerted action of all manufacturers, merchants and the public can avert it. Such uniformity is unknown to business men with long memories and is not expected very soon. But his final warning to chain store men is none the less emphatic. It is, "You have got to get to work and help best the sales tax. If you do not, there is a good chance that it may best you."

PEOPLE seem to forget that for twenty-five years they have been eating whatever they have eaten under minute regulation. The original broad provisions of the pure food law have been modified by increasingly detailed stipulations, such as the sub-standard canned foods law, which authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to make specifications for canned foods and to require all goods below that standard to be labeled, "Below United States standard. Low quality. Not illegal." These may be perfectly wholesome foods and desirable for the housewife, who feels a somewhat universal need for economy in these days. Most often she is frightened away by the stark words, since the "United States standard" is an esoteric affair reposing in the records of the Department of Agriculture, while it might better be published on the label. But beyond all this Federal tinkering, there are also State and even municipal regulations all over the country dealing with such aspects of the industry even as the literal handling of foods. What I am trying to emphasize is that our Government has long been showing an exceptional interest in the food industry.

Then why is it supposed to be vulnerable to further regulation?

There are many causes, if not reasons. It is the largest business in the country, still a little ahead of the automobile in dollars of sales. It is the most extensive. Food is sold — well, everywhere anything is. Then think of the political opportunity! A clever politician can always get a cheer from the gallery by denouncing the high cost of living, and that means food.

Unethical practices, although not confined to the food business, seem more conspicuous in it. The success of the anti-trust laws in preventing restraint of trade and other abuses and of the Federal Trade Commission in correcting unfair methods of competition, is still open to question. With the same intention, the Chamber of Commerce evolved a scheme a few years ago to prevent everybody from doing everything he ought not to do by the establishment of trade relations committees. Every business was to have a national committee under the auspices of the chamber. Each member of a committee was to form a district sub-committee and each member of that was to do likewise, and so on indefinitely, until the humblest merchant in the smallest town was represented. The plan was tried first, of course, in the food industry. The simple idea was that manufacturers and wholesalers and retailers and chain store operators

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and every one else, should all meet together and discuss each other's faults and so cure them. Of course each saw the mote in his brother's eye more clearly than the beam in his own, so the plan failed. The plea at the time was that unless business regulated itself, the Government would.

Later, the Federal Trade Commission modified its procedure of issuing cease and desist orders, with much publicity, to anybody and everybody against whom a complaint had been made, irrespective of the slight matter of guilt or innocence and before that more or less interesting question had been decided. Instead, the Commission got the conference habit. It called its reformatory meetings "trade practice conferences." A trade practice conference is held under the auspices of the Commission when a majority of the firms in any business believes that they have enough troubles to justify it. Then the group adopts resolutions condemning unfair methods of competition, of which each thinks all the others guilty. The Commission receives these, sits upon them and hatches them out in two groups. Group I contains those dealing with practices within the scope of the law and Group II contains those which the Commission condescendingly accepts as mere expressions of trade opinion. So what were once resolutions become "rules," when they are issued by the Federal Trade Commission. Then the Commission sends a pledge to every firm in the business to be signed as a promise to abide by the rules. The gist of the Group I rules, being already in the laws, is enforceable in the courts and the Group II rules have some sort of a wobbly standing, because the Commission holds the signed pledges, but these can be abrogated on thirty days' notice.

When the rules of the grocery trade practice conference were published, Felix M. Levy, who had been special assistant attorney general in the prosecution of the tobacco trust during the Roosevelt Administration, called them illegal. Then followed conferences between the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission, and the Commission revised its rules. The revised version does not look very much like the original. The Commission has held over a hundred trade practice conferences in the last ten years, and the net result is three or four quotations from the Sherman Act and the Clayton Act. Most of us were fairly familiar with those venerable, possibly obsolescent, laws, without feeling the need of the new and elaborate procedure. The disappointment felt by business men has been equalled only by the disgust expressed by their trade associations. So is recorded another faithful failure among the many attempts to make business men behave. However futile the attempt may have been, it is just one more instance of Government regulation.

SIZE has been considered a special temptation to the Government, despite disclaimers to the contrary; but recently it has seemed peculiar that mergers, particularly in the food industry, have caused so little comment; while as long ago as 1926, the Department of Justice entered a consent decree with the National Food Products Company, a two hundred

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million dollar corporation which had acquired stock in half a dozen chain store concerns. This action is worth remembering principally because it is one, and apparently the only one, showing the Government attitude toward mere size in the food industry. But Senator King has taken some notice of food mergers. When Morgan and Company announced the merging of the Royal Baking Powder Company and others with the Fleischman Company, he expressed the fear that if the Government did not enforce laws against monopolies, not only the economic, but the political, freedom of the American people would be jeopardized. Then he went on to say, "It has been suggested that other similar mergers will be formed for the control of agricultural products, because of the belief that under the farm relief bill there will be increasing surpluses. The outstanding purpose of the so called farm relief law is to sustain prices of farm products by caring for surpluses. This is to be done by the Federal Farm Board by the use of enormous appropriations which will be at its disposal. These accumulations will inevitably depress the market for raw food products and eventuate in their sale by the Farm Board. This situation may have prompted the Morgan merger and may lead to the formation of additional organizations of giant proportions to control agricultural products. It would be a strange irony if the farm relief bill should lead to increased monopolies in food products, to the disadvantage of the farmer and the serious injury of the public. The farm relief bill, in my opinion, will prove a sad disappointment to the farmer and of no benefit to the country." In this speech, at least, during the debates about helping the farmers, Senator King seems to have shown the gift of prophecy.

The farmers of the country, too, are not so somnolent as is supposed. John Brandt, president of Land O' Lakes Creameries, the largest aggregation of dairy farms in the world, warned coöperative groups of farmers and chain store men against any tendency toward monopolistic control of the nation's food. He said that any attempt by either group to control both ends of the business would result in rousing public opinion to such a pitch that the Government would be forced to interfere and the situation would then be disastrous to all concerned.

PRICE cutting is another reason for believing that Government regulation will soon be upon us. Of course, it is not confined to the food industry. That price cutting may be good as well as bad seems to have nothing to do with the discussion, for it is generally considered bad only when the other fellow does it. Almost continuous efforts have been made to curb it ever since the decision of the Supreme Court, in 1911, in the famous case of the Dr. Miles Medical Company, declaring price fixing to be illegal. In the dissenting opinion, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, "I can not believe that in the long run the public will profit by this Court permitting knaves to cut reasonable prices for some ulterior purpose of their own, and thus to impair, if not to destroy, the production and sale of articles which it is assumed to be desirable

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that the public should be able to get."

As if in harmony with this opinion, the Capper-Kelly price maintenance bill was passed by the House last January, but it was so amended that it was scarcely recognizable. Among other changes, it was made only permissive and the necessities of life were exempted from its provisions. Proponents consider this treatment about as satisfactory as a production of Cyrano with the hero's nose amputated. The purpose of the bill is, or was, to allow the manufacturer of identified goods to enter into contracts with his distributors as to the fair and uniform price at which his products shall be sold; but no manufacturer may make a contract with another for this purpose and no distributor may make such a contract with another distributor, so that competition may be preserved as between manufacturers and between distributors.

The amendments are not satisfactory to Representative Kelly, and he tells me that he intends to introduce his original bill in this session of Congress. The Supreme Court has given the seller the right to refuse to sell for any or no reason, even for price cutting; but refusal to sell does not appeal to a manufacturer seeking what is called one hundred per cent distribution. This right by no means satisfies Mr. Kelly, probably because he knows that it is seldom if ever exercised. With or without its amendments and because of the innumerable causes of forced sales, such a law would be about as easy to enforce as Prohibition; but Mr. Kelly believes enthusiastically in the merits of his bill, has talked a good deal about it and intends to continue doing so.

In opposition, Representative George Huddleston says that the real purpose of the bill is to enable large producers to dictate retail prices. Instead of calling it a bill to protect the public, he says that it should be called a bill to foster monopolies. According to him, there is no public demand for it, it is merely another selfish interest measure, it is pressed by those seeking larger and more stable profits, and the consumers' welfare is totally ignored. He writes, "This process can not go on indefinitely. If business men will not compete voluntarily, legal means must be found to compel them to do so. Failing this, our system is marked for downfall. If the general public can not find in competition protection from extortion, they will resort to more drastic collectivism."

The Federal Trade Commission has made two investigations of price cutting and has come to the conclusion that legislation will be required to cure it, but that Congress is unlikely to enact such legislation without fairly definite information of the probable effect on competition and prices. Only last June the Commission reported that it would be difficult to provide Government regulation of price maintenance that would bring relief to makers of trademarked goods, without injustice to Consumers and yet meet the test of practical business.

This does not silence Mr. Kelly. He quotes Percy S. Straus, president of R. H. Macy and Company, who was one of the most strenuous opponents of the bill at the committee

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hearings, as saying, "I am perfectly willing to agree that there is a type of price cutting which is bad for the dealer who practises it and bad for the manufacturer on whose merchandise it is practised. We make goods under our own brands. If nationally advertised brands are sold at uniform prices, in self protection the prices of our own brands must go up."

Mr. Kelly disagrees, and suggests that Macy should lower prices of its own brands and take over the business of the nationally advertised brands. He cites sales of nationally advertised products of well known value at a loss of five per cent of the price in the same store where private brands are sold at the same price and yet yield a profit of forty-one per cent.

But price cutting is not the only cause for believing that the Government is going to regulate business more than it has. Anti-chain legislation is still more significant. Whether it is due to envy or hatred, the retail merchants' associations of the Middle West and South have shown astonishing ability in the last six years in persuading legislators to introduce bills hostile to chain stores. The record thus far is: 1925 — 2; 1927 — 12; 1929 — 62; and 1931 — 90. The percentage of increase is — well, figure it out for yourself. The progression is something more than geometrical, it is almost astronomical. Such a growth of antagonism as this suggests more than demagoguery. It will not do to blame all this on benighted retailers or politicians seeking new sources of revenue. Small merchants are strong and politicians take their cues where they get the most votes. It is all very well for chain store men to say that "chain baiting" has become a "profitable racket" for radio orators, but there is something more than that in such a record as this. No matter how glib a tongue a self appointed representative of the "peepul" may have, he could not very well collect enough money from gullible retail merchants to form home guards of "minute men" for the defense of small town dealers, unless there was a strong feeling in such communities against chain stores.

North Carolina, South Carolina and Mississippi have taxed chain stores. Kentucky and Mississippi have graduated sales taxes imposed on all stores. Similar laws in Maryland, Georgia and one in South Carolina have been declared unconstitutional. One has been proposed for the District of Columbia. More significance is added to that because the District, you will remember, is governed by a committee of Congress. Now that the Supreme Court has shown the way, there is little doubt that within a year or two we shall have at least forty-nine laws against chains.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, upholding the constitutionality of the Indiana chain store tax law, announced last May, not only startled everybody in the food business, in and out of chains; but it has become the greatest stimulus for more to follow.

Indiana passed a law in 1929 requiring the payment of annual license fees of $3.00 on one store; $10.00 on each additional store up to five; $15.00 up to ten; $20.00 up to twenty; and $25.00 on each addi-

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tional store over twenty. Then a man named LaFayette Jackson brought an injunction. He owned 225 grocery stores and found that he had to pay $5,443.00; while 225 grocers, owning as many stores individually, paid only $675.00. An Indianapolis department store, doing $8,000,000 worth of business a year and operating 124 departments under one roof, paid a license tax of $3.00. Mr. Jackson's 225 grocery stores did a total business of only $1,000,000 a year, yet he had to pay a tax 1,800 times as high as that paid by the department store. Mr. Jackson was shot to death in one of his stores by a holdup man a few days after the decision of the Supreme Court was announced. A petition for a rehearing of the case has been promptly denied.

Parts of the decision are worth considering. It says that it is not the function of the Court to consider the propriety or justness of the tax. Oddly enough, the average business man still has the old fashioned idea that a court is established especially for those two things. The decision adds that it is not the business of the Court to seek for the motive or to criticize the public policy which prompted the adoption of the legislation. To a business man this reference sounds as if the court knew perfectly well what the motive and policy were. To chain store men the disclaimer is nothing short of a crawl. The decision continues: "It is our duty to sustain the classification adopted by the Legislature, if there are substantial differences between the occupations separately classified. Such differences need not be great. The past decisions of this Court make this abundantly clear." This statement makes it abundantly clear to business men that the Court is bound by precedents rather than by business considerations. It makes it quite as clear that the conditions of both sides are left untouched. The chain store men, of course, contend that the essential differences are those they have introduced for more efficient distribution. The independents contend that the most important differences are the unfair advantages gained by chain stores.

In bringing out the truth of the opposing views, the Supreme Court has helped not at all; but, with all it has said in the past against discrimination in class, the Court goes further on this score, thus, "The fact that a statute discriminates in favor of a certain class does not make it arbitrary, if the discrimination is founded upon a reasonable distinction." That will not appear particularly complimentary or satisfactory to the better thinking retail merchants of the country, who have contended for years that all they want is the elimination of unfair trade practices, with special emphasis on price concessions extorted by chains. If, now, with this decision as a precedent, retail merchants continue to seek discriminatory legislation against chains, how can they consistently hold to their objection to price discrimination practised by sellers in favor of chains? Then, this odd statement occurs in the decision: "That there are differences and advantages in favor of the chain store is shown by the number of such chains established and by their astonishing growth. More and more persons, like the appellee, have found

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advantages in this method of merchandizing and have, therefore, adopted it."

A few years ago many people thought they saw many advantages in playing the stock market. Not so many see so many today. Assuming the former conditions to prevail in times of prosperity, should stock speculation be taxed? There is a thought for Congress to suppress the hysteria of hope. The Court's reference to astonishing growth is not particularly encouraging. As a matter of fact, the independent retailers far outnumber the chain stores; and, as for growth, the voluntary chains, or coöperative groups of wholesalers and retailers, have attained, in five or six years, the numbers reached by the old fashioned chains in about seventy-five years. If astonishing growth is to be a measure of taxation, why should not voluntary chains be taxed about twenty-five times as much as the older chains?

Every one knows that the principal advantage in the chain store business lies in buying power, used to obtain price concessions from manufacturers. Manufacturers have gone so far as to say that if chains and independents were on a price parity, there would be no more chains. To own their goods in their stores at the same cost as chains do is all the competent independents need or have a right to ask. But the conclusion of the decision begs the question and raises another. It reads, "The statute treats upon a similar basis all owners of chain stores similarly situated. This is all the Constitution requires." Business men need no longer wonder why it has been amended so often; they may think that it should be more.

The dissenting opinion sounds much more like what was expected. It reads: "It appears that the advantages attributed to the chain store lie not in the fact that it is one of a number of stores under the same management, supervision or ownership, but in the fact that it is one of the parts of a large business. In other words, the advantages relied upon arise from the aggregate size of the entire business, and not from a number of parts into which it is divided." The dissenters have seen the point and stated it. Whether we like it or not, in the business world size does make power and power is apt to be abused to extract unfair price reductions from manufacturers and others from whom large corporations buy. Against such price concessions, when they are disproportionate or unwarranted, no single retailer can successfully compete. For that reason the Van Camp decision is more important to the individual retail merchants of the country than is this one of the Supreme Court. In the Van Camp case, the American Can Company had to pay triple damages for favoring one customer over others. If all prices were based only on quantity, quality and services, without further concessions, the competent retailers would have no fear and should ask no favor.

The dissenting opinion concludes, "For want of a valid ground upon which to stand, therefore, the classification should fall, because it is made to depend not upon size, or value, or character, amount of capital invested, or income received, but upon the mere circumstances — already

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irrelevant so far as any of the advantages claimed are concerned — that the business of one is carried on under many roofs and that of the other only under one." If this is sound economy, and it sounds strangely like it, the retailers had better go into the roofing business and make a protection large enough to cover all their heads. If the chain store companies had taken the trouble years ago to cultivate a little good will in the communities into which they penetrated, they would not find themselves now in their present predicament. It may be untactful to tell them that they have only themselves to blame, but a few of the more enlightened men among them have seen the errors of their ways and are trying to correct them. If they will stop bullying those who sell them and those who compete with them, they will stand in a much better position in legislative halls.

In the discussion of these subjects, an idea has been floating about for years that needs explanation or explosion. It is that fifty-one per cent of a business is necessary to monopoly. Leiter, Gould, the elder Morgan and a few others used to say that control of a third was enough. But the census of distribution shows that chains do twenty-eight and a half per cent of the food business and that the total sales of chain stores equal twenty-one and a half per cent of the sales of all retail business in the country. Far less than this Congress has thought monopoly before now.

A recent instance shows the indirect influence of the large buyer and how the effect of monopoly is produced without intention or the existence of actual monopoly. A few years ago the large wholesale grocers in the Eastern part of the country were ready to buy their year's supply of canned fruits and vegetables. They waited word from the canners of California about the prices to be set on the new crops. Letters and telegrams from the East became insistent. At last the canners said that they could not name their prices until they had signed contracts with Mr. Armour. At that time Armour and Company was the largest buyer of canned fruits and vegetables in the United States, but that does not mean that the firm bought anything like half of the output. The large buyer may fix prices by domination without the intention of doing so. If a seller sells to his largest customer at cost, or below, the loss must be made up on others.

Most of what has been written and said in the last few years on the subjects of mergers, price cutting, chain stores and other factors in the case indicates the tendency toward further Government regulation. These things may not be reasons, but they are causes. They show trends. There is nothing to compel one to take all that Congressmen say as absolute, but before now their talk has resulted in action. That and the amazing growth of legislation antagonistic to chains are significant. The hand loom workers of Great Britain may have accomplished nothing a century ago, when they killed operators of machine looms and started bread riots in the streets of London; but some people in this country are now showing signs of being weary of efficiency and econ-

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omy. There are even signs of reaction against the so called Machine Age. We must decide soon whether we want the rule of big business, with all its advantages and disadvantages, or whether it is better to let up a bit. Senator Couzens and the others might be right. At least the men of the food industry must rid it of trade abuses or take the consequences. If they do not clean up their business, the Government undoubtedly will.

Under the sanction of the Supreme Court, every State in the country will make laws against chains and big business. Price parity and elimination of unfair practices ought to be enough for every competent individual merchant. Surely that is not revolutionary; or, if it is, was not this country started by something of the kind? If any merchant asks more, he is asking the nation to support him. It may be better to have two systems of distribution, the one as a check upon the other, than to have either dominant, with all that that may mean of sloth or greed.

Chinese Sunset

By Frances Hall

The hills are monkeys crouching
In hostile camps each side the valley;
Their wrinkled, blue-black skins
Shine through their gray, mist-matted hair.

Upon the bending boughs of day
The sun's ripe, lush persimmon hangs
Above the hungry, dark-lipped western mouths.

Sharp, eager teeth are in the sun's bright skin;
Rich juice runs out along the slavering jaws.
The last faint tinge is licked away.

The eastern horde is silent,
Saving, shrewd;
They hold their sugared-ginger moon
In calm, black, epicurean hands.

The western gluttons bide their tense, round-bellied time,
Knowing the gods are with them —
They will have silver-sugared ginger in the cool night hours,
Leaving that other raw-boned, dreaming camp
Only the cloudy, unstrained wine of dawn.

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Madame Zero

ANONYMOUS

Adventures of a man (nameless because of his growing persecution complex) who is trying to obtain from the Secretary of Labor permission to travel with his wife

I MEET many Americans here in Nice; old Americans and young ones, well heeled and borrowing money, drunk and sober. Some of them have been here a long time, and some have just arrived. To these recent arrivals, I have been confiding my intention of returning to the United States. The reactions of most of them have not been encouraging. They tell me the United States is in a bad way. Thousands of laws have been passed in my absence, and none have been repealed. It is easier to be arrested than it ever was, and easier to be murdered. Business is on the rocks; nobody is making any money except the gangsters. As far as I can gather from these returned travelers, the population of the United States now is about one-fourth murderers, one-fourth lawyers, and the rest bankrupt. I should leave well enough alone. I should stay in Europe, where good big cold foaming yellow ones can still be had for five cents.

Nevertheless (but very hesitantly, like a man going to the gallows of his own free will), I have been making preparations to return. I feel a strong urge to be back again among my own people. I have been in Europe several years. I have done nothing of importance in that time, and I feel the urge to be of some use. I should like to leave the world better than I found it. I should also like to make some money. And a person can not be of much use in a foreign country; he must be among his own people.

Now, it would seem that an American citizen, born in America of American born parents, and with an American passport in order, should have an inalienable right to enter the United States. I had always entertained that naïve idea. In practice, the matter is not so simple as that. It is enormously complex. It is true that I can enter the United States myself, if I can pay for a steamship ticket. But I can not travel with my own wife. Congress has legislated. It has done such a good job of it that I can not travel with my own wife to America or to any place else (barring

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a few countries like Switzerland) without formal permission of the American Secretary of Labor; and then we must go to America first.

It is hard to imagine that Congress has done such a thing on purpose. Yet it is certain that lawmakers, when they mess into human affairs, do some fantastic things. I have heard that a mother of ten children was sent to jail for life in Michigan because she sold a small quantity of what the majority of civilized people in this world drink every day. I have heard that when the United States bought the Virgin Islands, the chief industry of those unfortunate islanders was the manufacture of the best rum in the world; that the United States forthwith imposed upon them the blessings of Prohibition, and when a local editor naturally protested, he was clapped into jail without trial for contempt of court. I have heard that a white Canadian War veteran from Vancouver strayed south across the border to Los Angeles — and was thereupon arrested and shipped off to China, at American expense, because it happened that he had been born in China, and therefore, in the eyes of Congress and the Secretary of Labor, had to be a Chinaman. It is hard to believe such things without having seen them, and I have not seen them. If a person believes such things, then he must also believe that the officials who order them are either demented or criminally careless. All the Congressmen I have seen appeared rational enough.

Reluctantly I have come to the conclusion that the worst things said about Congress must be true. Reluctantly I have decided that all members of Congress should be isolated as dangerous paranoiacs, along with the Secretary of Labor, because they form an irresponsible menace to public welfare and security; bent only on destroying people, and undoubtedly doing it. Admittedly I am biased, but I have some evidence to offer.

MY OFFENSE, it appears, is to have married a French wife. If I had found the most beautiful girl in the world in Kenosha, Wisconsin, it would have been all right with Congress; but I found mine in France. If I had not married her, it would be all right too; she could not have gone to America without permission of the Secretary of Labor, but she could go any place else. But we were married. Now, what ought Congress to do about a proposition like that?

For my part, I confess that I can not see that it is any business of Congress. I see no reason why any government should do anything about it, and I know of no government in the civilized world that does do anything about it except the American Government. I had the naïve idea that an American was entitled to marry whomever he pleased, and that it was nobody's business except his wife's and his own. Congress, however, has acted. It has originated a new theory in international affairs: the theory that a wife should be regarded as having a nationality different from her husband's. Here is a conception that should be the joy of bureaucrats of all nations. It opens up a brand new field of official pestering. So far, American officials have a monopoly

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of it. If a Frenchman should happen to marry an American girl, for example, there is nothing for French officials to do about it. His family may not like it — but common courtesy prompts them to welcome the new member of the family with a kiss on both cheeks — and the Government does the same. It is assumed that she is entitled to the ordinary rights of a Frenchwoman. French officials may not pester her. This is easy and simple. But the United States Congress has passed a law. The practical effect of this law is that I can not travel with my own wife.

This law provides, unlike the laws of other countries, that Madame does not automatically obtain the nationality of her husband. Laws of other nations naturally specify that she loses her own nationality in marrying an American. Thus any foreign woman who marries an American (with one or two exceptions) automatically loses all nationality, becomes officially a zero, with no legal existence. The American law specifies that she may become an American if she goes to America and lives there a year. But she may not go to America without formal permission of the Secretary of Labor. To the Congressmen who voted for that law, this may have seemed reasonable enough. In practice, the thing is monstrous. The difficulties which have been put in the way of getting that simple permission from the Secretary of Labor are tremendous. It requires from two to four months to obtain that permission in any case. In the meantime, as has been noted, it is impossible for an American to travel with his own wife any place else.

If the Secretary of Labor approves of the new member of the American family, he may then recommend to the Secretary of State that the Secretary of State recommend to the appropriate consul that the consul grant an American visa on her passport. On what passport? Since Madame has lost her nationality, where is she going to get a passport?

This, it appears, is just one of those little things that the lawmakers forgot.

The first inkling I had that I had committed an offense in the eyes of Congress, and was to be persecuted, was in Belgium. The Belgians are unofficious about their frontier. That is, the officials do not wake you up at midnight to inquire about visas or your supply of tobacco. Thus we voyaged unmolested from Paris to Ostend.

The awakening came when we decided to make a sea voyage to Lisbon. A very pleasant Portuguese consul said he would be delighted to give us visas to enter Portugal, but Madame had to have a passport to put the visa on. Madame had plenty of other papers, but visas were for passports. I cut short the story of the ensuing nightmare; of expensive visits to consulates of three nations in Ostend, Antwerp and Brussels, of the wavering conviction that such things could not really be among civilized peoples; of the final proof that they were. To America, she is French. To France, she is American. To Portugal and Belgium, she does not exist. She had no legal right even to return to France, without a French visa — on what? She can go only to America — with

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the consent of the Secretary of Labor. How long would it take to get that? Two to four months. If you have money enough to live that long, very well. If not . . .

ONE of the things I like about France is that the officials, about three times out of five, are reasonable. They do not take too seriously the vagaries of lawmakers. French law might state most formally that Madame was not French, but the official at the frontier knew better. Thus we were able to return to France, and so to Nice.

Hence to the American consul, representative abroad of Secretary of State and Secretary of Labor. Wanted—permission lawfully to travel to the United States, only place for Madame, as long as she is married to me, to get a nationality.

My American passport, the marriage certificate, and perhaps a birth certificate for Madame might be enough documentary evidence for the Secretary of Labor — but it is not. An American citizen abroad, desirous of asking permission to travel with his own wife, must have: eight photographs, two American perjurers, and eleven documents, two of them possibly unobtainable. It sounds crazy. It is absolutely true.

The documents: 1, American passport; 2, marriage certificate; 3 and 4, *two* birth certificates for Madame; 5 and 6, *two* copies of her *casier judiciare*, showing her crime record if any; 7, medical certificate; 8 and 9, *two* executed copies of Department of Labor Form 633, of which more later; 10, passport for Madame, apparently unobtainable, since Madame has lost her nationality, until we find a police official as generous as the frontier guardian; 11, last but not least, my own birth certificate.

My own American passport, be it noted, is not enough to show the Secretary of Labor I am an American. It is enough for everybody else in the world, including all other officials of all governments, including New York immigration officials — but not for the Secretary of Labor. You must have a birth certificate to get a passport; and you must have the passport anyway; but in addition, the Secretary of Labor must have a copy of your birth certificate for himself. How is an American in Europe going to get a birth certificate? Write home, perhaps, to a friend or relative, asking the victim to take his place in line at the court house. Whether a birth certificate can be got that way I don't know yet. If it can, it surely doesn't prove that the man who gets it in Europe was born in America. In any case, it means at best another month's delay.

The meat in this formidable stew is Department of Labor Form No. 633. It is in the form of a letter which you address "To the Honorable (*sic*) Commissioner General of Immigration." It consists of six long legal pages, four to be filled out and two containing directions. At first glance it appears to have been written by several thousand lawyers. But at the sixth or eighth reading, comprehension dawns, and you acquire the certitude that it is the work of Leopold and Loeb. It begins with a sentence more than two hundred words long, not counting blank

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spaces to be filled in, and with the rules of grammar suspended. It ends with spaces for the two American perjurers to swear they have known the victim two years and believe he is telling the truth. How is an American in Europe going to dig up two other Americans who have known him two years?

From time to time, when I have nothing else to do, I add to my collection of documents. Some day I may have eleven. Some day Madame may get a French passport. Some day I may get my birth certificate. Then, with documents, photographs, and two perjurers, we may go to the consulate and ask for permission to travel. All of this, it must be borne in mind, is to permit an American citizen to travel with his own wife. This is not Soviet law, or Turkish. It is American.

IN A city not mentioned, I happened to have coffee with an American consul and a vice consul. Some of the things they said on the subject have remained in my mind.

"We've had a lot of trouble with that 1924 law."

"We're not Congressmen, you know."

"Yes, after you've got all your papers you must wait two to four months. Count two weeks for your petition to reach Washington. It goes to the bottom of a pile and there may be two or three thousand in the pile. Then it goes to another pile at the State Department. You have to count one to three months for that. Then two more weeks for it to come back."

"Yes, you're just hung up here until you get your answer if you put in your petition. You're lucky you have an income so you can wait that long."

"There are some rather pathetic cases. There was an American who married a Polish girl. They went to Paris. There they went broke. She was with child. Well, the American of course had to go back to America to make some money. Our Government wouldn't let him take her with him, and since she had lost her Polish nationality she couldn't get a passport to go back to her people in Poland. She died. The verdict was that she died of starvation."

THERE might, I figured, be an easy way to get around this law. Until the very last I felt there must be a loophole. I clung to the conviction that Congressmen could not be altogether crazy — not a majority of them, anyway. In the infinite processes of lawmaking in Washington, something, I thought, had just slipped. Until the very last I could not believe that the American Congress, composed of apparently sane men, had intentionally made it illegal for a comparatively respectable American to travel with his own wife.

The way out, at first glance, looked easy. Instead of taking a ship to New York, we would just take a Canadian Pacific liner to Montreal. Arrived in Montreal, I would simply take the night express to Washington, see my Congressman the next day, and demand an end to this nonsense. It looked easy.

The weak point in the scheme, of course, was that I would probably have to get a new flock of documents to do business with the British Empire. Instead of doing business

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with two gangs of officials, the American and French, I would now have to do business with three gangs. And it has been my experience that British officials are just as vicious as American officials. Both of them take laws seriously. Our own passion for laws is undoubtedly of British origin. And if the British are not as imaginative as we are in the manufacture of laws, they are probably even more barbarous in their execution. We both have this fundamental characteristic; we believe that the more laws and lawyers pester the public, the more God is pleased, and the better somehow for the public. Man is inherently sinful, so the more he is made legally to suffer, the better.

The scheme does not work. I have just received a letter from the Canadian Legation in Paris. The Canadian Minister states that, although American and French citizens are not required to have visas to enter Canada, there is an agreement between the Canadian and American Governments whereby Canada will not admit any persons planning to go to America unless their documents to enter America are already in order.

Now here is one triumph for American diplomacy.

WHAT objective in life the Secretary of Labor may have, outside of destroying people, I don't know. If I saw him in Washington I suppose I would think he looked like a rational and eminent man. Very likely, at night, when he kicks his knees up under the covers and reviews his day's work for the nation, he feels he has done very well. He surely appears sane; I never saw anybody in Washington who appeared insane on the surface. Nevertheless, after some months of meditation over Form 633, I have become convinced that he is a paranoiac. Congress undoubtedly passed this law, but Congress didn't list those documents or concoct Form 633. Congress didn't demand a birth certificate for an American in the presence of an American passport.

Somewhere, far beneath the surface, there must be what Congress thought was some reason for this persecution. It is necessary, no doubt, that America should have an immigration law; there are millions of persons in Europe whose presence would not be desirable in our country. There must be a law to keep them out. But it surely is not necessary to put an American and his wife in the same category with Bulgarian brigands.

Why, then, is it unlawful for an American to travel with his own wife? Was Congress afraid of an epidemic of foreign wives invading the home industry, perhaps rolling their eyes in unfair competition with our own vampires? Was it perhaps the serious view of Congress that American women need a tariff to ward off foreign competition, the same as sugar beets? Or does a majority of Congress seriously feel that, if Madame was able freely to travel with her own husband to America and lawfully cook my supper therein, she would add to unemployment, imperil the morals of the young, or promote Bolshevism?

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Automobiles Will Come Back

By Joseph Ledwinka

Who sees, through a gloom of congested roads and declining production figures, many encouraging possibilities

In the number and frequency of changes and improvements, the automobile has had few parallels in American industry. New models have been introduced each year and each new model has included substantial improvements over previous models. So far has it progressed as a piece of machinery that today a large number of the twenty million or more owners in this country are wondering what the future can hold for the automobile and the automobile industry.

In some quarters the opinion persists that the automobile has been improved just about as much as it ever will be. In others there is a feeling that the motor car will be a victim of its own vast numbers. Some observers contend that the time is fast approaching when the roads of this country will be so crowded and driving will be so irksome because of traffic congestion that millions of persons who now drive their own cars will forego this dubious pleasure, sell their automobiles and depend on taxicabs for whatever motor transportation they need.

Still other self-constituted authorities — and they are legion — contend that the automobile industry will not reach its 1929 production peak for another score of years. They point to the decreased motor car sales of the post-stock-market-crash era to prove their statement. Declining motor car sales, they say, are an indication that the average motorist no longer trades in his old car for a new one every year or two. Their theory is that today's motorist realizes that his car will stand up for seven or eight years and he is determined to use it until it is worn out.

Like all forecasts made by the general public or by persons who predicate their statements on pure theory unsustained by facts, these forecasts are inaccurate.

Actually the automobile industry today is on the threshold of a new era. It is destined in the next decade to ascend to new heights. Its effects on the economic life of the country will be far reaching and important. As a piece of machinery the motor car will be more efficient than ever before. As a thing of beauty it will rival any vehicle ever built. The general public may call this statement nonsense. But the general public called Henry Ford's plans nonsense.

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If America's motoring millions were to be permitted a peek behind the scenes, they would be amazed at what is going on today in the laboratories, experimental shops and testing grounds of the industry. They would find hundreds of engineers busy at their drafting boards, hundreds of chemists working over their test tubes and retorts, hundreds of experts on metals, textiles, rubber, alcohol, gasoline, wood, glass and other products, all developing, planning, testing and experimenting that the motor car of tomorrow may be cheaper to own and operate, more durable, more comfortable, safer, faster and more beautiful.

Few industries strive so for perfection as this one; few are so hard to please and go to such great efforts to improve their product. Primarily, this is because it has paid. Changes in motor cars have been rapid. They followed closely one upon the other. The old wood body has given way to the all-steel or steel and wood body; safety glass has replaced ordinary glass; four-wheel brakes have taken the place of two-wheel brakes; wire wheels have supplanted wood wheels; tires have been made to last longer; gasoline has been developed to eliminate engine knock. Every change has made the motorist's dollar go farther; every change has made the new automobiles more attractive to more persons and has resulted in owners being dissatisfied with their old ones.

In constantly changing models and improving its product the industry has set a rapid pace for itself. If its vast plants are to be kept in operation this pace must be maintained. And these vast plants must be kept going. The economic future of the country depends to a large extent on their being kept in operation. They are geared to mass production and only with mass production can they turn a profit for their owners. Furthermore, far reaching and peaceful influences are back of the industry. It is basic, affecting seriously the progress and the success of the steel industry, the glass industry, the textile industry and the rubber industry. Its progress is so important that a sharp upturn in automobile sales and production will favorably affect several hundred lines of business. Let automobile production be sharply stimulated and factory whistles in hundreds of cities the length and the breadth of the land start calling men back to work. One-tenth of our population is directly or indirectly dependent on the automobile industry. In 1929 eighty-five per cent of the output of the rubber industry went into motor cars, as did nineteen per cent of the iron and steel, sixty-seven per cent of the plate glass, fifteen per cent of the copper, twenty-seven per cent of the lead and eighty per cent of the gasoline; and finished cars alone furnished 3,600,000 carloads of freight for the railroads.

So important an industry can not stand still, and it can not go ahead unless it improves its product. Therefore, it will improve its product, and the motor car as we know it today is destined to undergo important and radical changes in the next few years. First, it will be changed in appearance. This change will result not only from the public's demand for new style cars but also from sound engineering principles. And it will cause an enormous upturn in sales.

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THE car of tomorrow will be fully stream-lined, oval in shape and as different from today's car in appearance as today's is from the one-horse shay. Today's car is a cumbersome vehicle, not unlike a 1931 milk wagon. There is neither rhyme nor reason in its shape and general lay-out. If engineers were permitted to start in fresh and build an automobile, unhampered by precedent and without taking into consideration immediate salability, the fruits of their work would have only the vaguest resemblance to today's motor car.

Engineers have long realized the necessity for stream-lining automobiles. In recent years they have learned more about its beneficial effects. Tests have proved conclusively that the present shape and general lay-out of automobiles is responsible largely for their high fuel consumption. At thirty to sixty miles per hour a properly shaped body will travel through the air with one-third the resistance of an improperly shaped body. In other words, an automobile properly shaped — or fully stream lined — has but a third of the resistance of present models. Engineers know that air resistance today is the greatest part of the total resistance of a motor car. By minimizing this resistance automobiles will be made considerably faster at touring speeds without increasing the size or horsepower of their engines.

The layman's answer to this is: "We don't need faster cars. As it is today the average motorist has never driven his car as fast as it will go. He's afraid to. So why build more speed into a car?"

But the engineer realizes that the motorist is definitely interested in fuel economy and stream-lining will permit him to go twice as far on a gallon of gasoline at touring speeds as at present. This makes it a decidedly significant development to the motorist. It also makes it an economic factor, in that it will reduce the nation's gasoline bill by several millions of dollars. Moreover, the all-steel, stream-lined car will be safer; it will have a lower centre of gravity and will be considerably lighter, a factor of importance in decelerating and braking which will make it easier to stop the car at high speeds.

Considering the many benefits of this principle, one wonders that it was not adopted long ago, not only by the automobile industry but by the railroads, as well. The bullet has always been partially stream-lined, racing cars have been stream-lined and in more recent years the airplane. It has added many miles per hour to the speed of airplanes, and the autogyro is expected to take on increased speed when its rotor housing is so designed. Yet the automobile, used by upwards of twenty million persons, is still a clumsy vehicle offering a considerable and unnecessary resistance to wind.

On the surface this subject might seem relatively unimportant in its potential effects on the industry as a whole, but the contrary is true. We have in the automobile business an unparalleled condition. First, the country is in the throes of a serious economic depression. This alone results in cautious buying and has forced thousands of persons to decide to operate their old cars a few years longer than usual. Add to this the fact that today's motor car,

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although a decided improvement over that of three years ago, is not much different in appearance. In other words today's car from an appearance standpoint is not noticeably out of date. This means that thousands of persons who once refused to be seen driving an old-fashioned car can still drive one three years old without loss of prestige, because the three-year-old car does not look its age. Such motorists will probably use their cars for five or six years. And in this way the normal replacement market is seriously disrupted.

In previous years the same condition was true to a lesser degree, but each time some radical improvement or change came along to save the day. The self-starter, the four-wheel brake, the balloon tire, the six-cylinder car, all had a tremendous effect on automobile sales. Changes such as these have been the very life blood of the industry — but since the depression we have witnessed none so radical. True, there have been improvements, but they have not been sufficiently revolutionary to make motorists dissatisfied with their present cars to the point where they would purchase new cars.

Students of automotive merchandizing believe a radical change in design will do more to stimulate the industry than any other single factor. Such a change, they contend, will provide the rejuvenation the industry needs today. And the stream-lined car will bring about the desired change in conditions. It will be the next great stimulus to increased automobile production. First, because when it makes its bow on the streets and highways of this country, every non-stream-lined car will be out of style. No one will have to lift the hood or listen to the motor or transmission to determine whether or not an automobile is stylish. A non-stream-lined car will be as conspicuous and as easy to detect as a woman in a hoop-skirt.

Bearing these facts in mind, one is inclined to wonder what keeps the stream-lined car from making its public appearance. It is sound from an engineering point of view. It is no more difficult or expensive to manufacture from a production angle. It has been tried out in wind tunnels and on roads and highways and its value has been demonstrated beyond a doubt. Certainly manufacturers, usually quick to sense the need for change, ought to sponsor such a car right now.

True! But here we encounter a typical instance of the timidity of the industry. At this point the manufacturers say, in effect:

"We believe in the stream-lined car. We know it's a better product and we think it's ridiculous to build automobiles in their present shape and lay-out. But the public will be afraid of a fully stream-lined car. It will be too different, too radical. The public wants its changes gradually. The stream-lined car must be an evolution if we are to get the public to accept it."

One may question the soundness of this theory but the fact remains that the industry will do nothing about it until some exceptionally courageous manufacturer leads the way. Then all the other manufacturers will fall into line and there will be a mad rush to prepare new

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models to meet the demand. Automotive history will thus repeat itself.

But stream-lining is only one phase of the future of the automobile, although the most important individual development and the one with the most far reaching implications.

The motor car's power plant has been improved to a large extent in the past decade. It runs more smoothly than ever. It is more durable and seldom breaks down. It is quieter. It yields more power per cubic inch of piston displacement. But even with all of these improvements automotive engineers are striving to make the engine better, lighter and more economical to run. Only recently a prominent manufacturer introduced a four-cylinder car with the smoothness of a six. This smoothness was obtained by mounting the engine so that it rocked in a cradle-like structure and absorbed vibration.

In addition, the Diesel engine holds promise of one day being used in motor cars. A few years back this was considered an engineer's pipe dream. At Indianapolis a Diesel-powered automobile covered the entire 500 miles in the 1931 Memorial Day race without once stopping. Previously the same year a Diesel-powered airplane broke all non-refueling endurance flight records. Tomorrow's automobile may very likely be powered by a Diesel engine. In this event crude oil will be used instead of refined gasoline and fuel costs will be sharply reduced. A Diesel-powered stream-lined automobile would doubtless go four times as far on a dollar's worth of fuel as a non-stream-lined, gasoline-engined car does.

Also, the industry is waging a terrific war on body noises. Quieter motors, free wheeling and more nearly silent transmissions have served to reveal heretofore unsuspected body noises. That squeak which to you, a motorist, is merely an annoyance, may very well cost a million dollars to eliminate and the industry pays gladly for it. In the manufacture of all-steel automobile bodies thousands upon thousands of dollars were spent in experiments on electric welding, as a result of which steel automobile bodies are now one piece. These developments will make the body of the future practically noiseless.

While automobile manufacturers are striving to better their products, fuel experts are continually at work in an effort to improve motor fuels. The introduction several years ago of ethyl gasoline and of various high-test gasolines for high compression motors is an indication of the fruitfulness of their work. The lubrication engineers are equally busy and are working in collaboration with automotive engineers to the end that the motorist may use fewer grades and types of lubricants. Right now a motorist who tries to lubricate his automobile in accordance with the manufacturer's specifications has a hard job on his hands. In a few years at most this task will be greatly simplified, because the manufacturers and the lubrication engineers have put their heads together and are working out simpler methods and different types of construction.

Surely, no one has more persons

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working for him than the motorist. That he may get greater pleasure and enjoyment out of his automobile, numerous city planners and traffic experts are busy today planning the highways and streets of the future. The multiple lane, express highway is only a few steps away. Before we know it we will see wide, super-highways running from coast to coast. These immense roadways will have one lane for local, slow traffic. Other lanes will be laid out for high-speed traffic, with additional lanes for busses, motor trucks and commercial vehicles. All curves will be banked to permit high speeds. Intersections will not bother the motorist for he will go either under or over them. These super-roads will skirt large cities and follow the line of least traffic resistance.

We can see this trend in many ways. In New York City, for example, the bridges over the East River have had added to them upper roadways for non-commercial vehicles. In the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River a minimum speed of thirty-five miles has been fixed. State parkways and highways now keep the left hand, or centre lane, open for passing cars and slow moving vehicles are required to keep to the right. These are steps in the right direction.

We live in an age of speed and the motor car manufacturers in building the car of the future have taken cognizance of the fact that the new school of thought in traffic control inclines to the theory which holds that high speeds are necessary. Many States have either raised or abolished the speed limits and today fine motorists for reckless driving rather than for speeding. Twenty miles an hour may constitute reckless driving in one case and sixty miles per hour may be safe in another case. In some States the motorist who goes too slowly is fined for holding up traffic.

All of this will have its effect on the automobile business. With wider streets and highways and a more rapid movement of traffic, congestion will be lessened. And when we succeed in that we open up new markets for automobiles.

The same is true of parking. Today the parking situation in large cities is serious. Tomorrow it will be solved. The larger cities of the country are encouraging the building of sky-scraper garages which move cars in and out mechanically with almost incredible speed. One large manufacturing company has developed a structure resembling a ferris wheel on which cars may be parked vertically in little cages, one on top of another. A few of these at strategic points will do a great deal to help conditions. Tomorrow we shall see our great public squares acting as roofs for underground parking spaces and large office buildings, hotels, apartment houses and department stores will use their basements and sub-basements for parking. This, too, will reflect itself in the production and sale of motor cars.

To those who talk pessimistically about the "saturation point" in automobiles, these predictions may seem fantastic. But they are not. They are based on facts. They result from a knowledge not only of what is going on within the industry but of what the industry is planning for the future.

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The Spirit Wrestler

By William Burke Teeling

A Story

Evan evanovitch did not go to the Prayer Meeting. He did not feel he could pray in the presence of his enemies. From the veranda of the business office next the station he had looked at the table placed in the yard. It had been covered with a white cloth, and in the centre was placed a platter and on it the Sacred Loaf and beside it a glass of water.

In two's and three's they had come and stood, the men on one side of the table and the women on the other. They began to chant their dirge-like hymns in Russian, first the men, then the answering women, then both together. Presently, no doubt, the great Wasily would arrive, and he would tell them it was never right to use force, and then later he would hold a meeting and he would decide to eject by force Evan and his wife.

Evan Evanovitch smiled sadly as he looked up at the high mountains coming down to the Columbia River and at the surrounding prosperous landscape that his people had made fertile. Twenty-three years ago now, when he was only nine years old, they had come here out of Saskatchewan — and now they would force him out.

"Well we will see — it is for them, not for me to act." He nodded good evening to Grigory Nicholaevitch, a year younger than himself, who stood sheepishly watching him, and moved off towards his village.

The Doukhobor Community, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, lived in a series of such villages, but a village was made up of only two houses and in each house lived nearly fifty people, and a village was never so large as to hold more than one hundred people. As Evan went to the village he passed the jam factory where he had worked and earned money; but he had never taken the money, he had accepted the alternative and taken his pay in kind.

No doubt he would work there no more, and it would not be easy to earn money, but he would write Russian stories for the Chicago paper; his friend Paul had done it, and why should not he? At any rate it was for them to act, and the Lord would provide, or if not it meant He wished them to starve, and that too was well. He remembered that "Doukhobor" translated into English meant Spirit Wrestler and he felt he would soon indeed be wrestling with spirits of temptation.

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Soon he reached his village and passed in through the pear trees. Each of the buildings was shaped like the letter E without the central projection. The two ends of the E were built of brick two stories high and contained the communal kitchens and eating rooms. They were linked up by a low, wooden, one-storied building, in each room of which slept two people, husband and wife or two brothers and two sisters, and still more people were accommodated above the kitchens. Evan Evanovitch proceeded to the left corner room where his wife, Anna, awaited him. Like many Doukhobor women she was large of stature, and wore a bright yellow petticoat, and white blouse and a white scarf over her head and pinned beneath the chin. A fringe of hair appeared from beneath the scarf across her forehead. Her face was red, as Evan at first thought from cooking — but he soon saw it was also from weeping.

"Evan," she cried, "tell me the worst. Are we to go? Has Wasily spoken?"

"No, Anna, my beloved," he said gently, "he is not yet returned — but I think it must come so; it is the wish of the Lord."

Anna bowed her head a moment — but then straightened up, a rebellious look in her eye, "Why, Evan, must it be so? It is unjust, it is wrong."

"Is there any justice in this world, Anna? Wasily and his friends — they are not defeating the Spirit. They are leading our brothers and sisters into his hands. You and I, Anna, we must show them how to wrestle with the Spirit, and uphold John Peripatkin and the others that are already suffering."

"Oh, Evan, we too are suffering. I went in today to bake in the kitchen and Anastasia Wolkoff beat me fiercely, and today being washing day, I went to wash in the bath, and Anastasia and the others would not let me and the children wash, neither ourselves nor our clothes."

"Yes, it is hard, Anna, but they do not mean it. You know some think because Wasily is elected head he has the Spirit of Power entered into him and that is not so. But he tells them how to treat us, and they do as they are told."

"Evan, there is no head, no leader. We are all equal — we all have the Spirit within us."

"You have spoken the truth."

For a while they sat on the bed in silence, then Anna, gazing out the window said, "Evan — and our child — what will become of that — what life will it lead?" Evan held her hand and looked at her fondly.

"Anna beloved, when our child comes, the Lord will have found us a home if He wants the child to live."

"Oh, Evan, how I dread the weeks, the months until then."

Again they sat in silence on the bed, in the growing darkness and waited.

It was after eight o'clock and nearly dark when two motors could be heard approaching the station. "Here he comes, here he is!" shouted with almost childlike excitement bearded peasants, and strong moujiks, as they rushed to the door of Wasily's home. The prayer singers, now hundreds strong, continued their hymns a little louder and two cars, covered in dust, like those of a general and his staff, drove up rapidly to the house. Wasily in a blue suit

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with a straw hat, and the stick that he never discarded, jumped out and greeted the Elders. Then with uncovered head he gradually approached the Sacred Table.

"Greetings to you, Wasily, the Lordly one," murmured the prayers.

Wasily bowed low. "Greetings to you Children and Brothers." And they in turn bowed respectfully.

Twice more they greeted each other, and then standing at the table, he preached to them in Russian and with many a moujik's expression.

He told them of the woes of education, how today education had brought on the invention of machinery and the unhappiness of the educated who could not find work. He spoke scornfully of capitalism and continued for some time, but then his face changed its look; he began to speak of the burnings and the explosions.

If it was not done by God, and he knew it was not, then it was by the Evil Spirit, and they must wrestle with the Evil Spirit — and he had proof it was by the Sons of Freedom. Their creed was hypocrisy; it was indeed as he said "not worth the shell of an egg," and they were given to "nothing but dirty and rough violence."

While he was speaking, there were murmurs of approval, for what Wasily said must be right. He told them there were friends of these so-called Sons of Freedom in their midst and they must leave — and every one agreed. When he had finished he moved into his office with the Elders, and they sat down to decide on the case of Evan Evanovitch and Anna, his wife.

Michael Popoff explained to Wasily that nothing had happened since his departure and that Evan had remained obdurate.

"He will not pay the tax — he says openly the debt should be eliminated by now."

"So indeed it is," laughed Wasily, "but he knows naught of that. He can not remain here. He will make others that do not think, think, and those that are disgruntled, more active. He is a danger."

"Indeed, Wasily, he is a danger," reiterated the Elders.

"It is a pity," sighed Wasily. "He is our best educated man. We would have found him useful to write for us and explain us to the English world. That, indeed, is why I did not force him out with Peripatkin. But now it is time he must go." He thumped the table. "He must go tomorrow! Come, let us see him and Anna, his wife, give him one last opportunity, and then tell him he must leave." He finished the strawberries and cherries a girl had brought him from the kitchen, took his hat and stick and, accompanied by Michael Popoff and Wasily Kourakin, the Elder of Evan's village, proceeded down the road.

Evan Evanovitch and his wife came out to meet them.

"Greetings to you, Wasily," they said.

"And to you, brother and sister," bowed Wasily in reply. "We are here on a serious business matter, Evan. We have come to ask you for the last time, will you as a man over twenty years of age pay your tax to the head of your village, your tax of $175?"

"No, Wasily," Evan replied, "you know my answer. I will not."

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"Think, Evan Evanovitch, what all this means. From the age of sixteen until you were twenty you paid the amount of $100 as ordered by the Elder and you continued after you were twenty at the rate of $175 a year. Why, since 1928, have you ceased?"

"You know why I have ceased. Why have you not turned me out before — with John Peripatkin and the rest — last year?"

"I did not do it because I wanted you to be of use to our Community and I hoped you would relent. Instead you have set an example that is harmful. You know it is not for us to decide about repayment. Most of that money we levy is for interest on the original loan lent us to come here."

"Wasily, I know — but I do not recognize such interest. Over twenty years ago we came here — we borrowed the money to come and buy the land, the land was the security. Over twenty years you have paid what you call interest, and today you must have paid more than the original sum you borrowed and yet you owe the same amount."

"Yes, and if we do not pay the interest continuously, they still have the land as security — and we have worked long to make the land more prosperous."

"That is true, Wasily — but you must stand against such injustice. If you do not believe you should pay it, then you should not pay it."

"That is not the way of the world."

"No, Wasily, but it is the way of the Lord — to wrestle with the Spirit of Evil."

"Evan Evanovitch, you anger me. Tomorrow, the Elders have decided you must leave. Do you hear? You and Anna must depart from our Community — whither we care not."

"Wasily, we have nowhere to go," pleaded Anna.

"Never mind, Anna, beloved," answered Evan and turning again to Wasily, "We will not leave unless you put us out forcibly. We are of the Community as you are."

"Then by the Lord, Evan, we will force you out. I will not have my authority flouted."

"You have no authority. We all have the Spirit within us, and are therefore equals."

"That is not true. I am the leader."

"There is no leader with such authority. We are all equals. That is the teaching of the Doukhobors from the Caucasus. We are all Sons of Freedom. It is for that, Wasily, your ancestors and mine suffered in Russia long ago and it was for that that Leo Tolstoy had us brought to this land. There is no monarch, no leader, no State, and every one is my brother."

"Enough of this. You are a dangerous man; tomorrow you shall go."

"You, too, Wasily, are dangerous. Be careful how you lead our more ignorant brethren from the pure creed of their ancestors."

Wasily turned and walked out with the Elders, in a great fury.

ANNA, weeping, started to gather her belongings but Evan bade her cease. They would not go, or make preparations to go.

She lay down to cry and he went out into the yard to look at the moon shining on the fast flowing Columbia River, from high over the mountains.

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While he was there, Grigory Nicholaevitch, who was a year younger than he and as tall, and as fair as he was dark, came to him and told him Wasily was incensing the Community against him.

"Evan, I wish I had your strength of character. Many of us younger ones believe Wasily is leading us astray — we feel you and John Peripatkin must be right — but your life will bring many hardships and here it is comfortable. We have not the courage."

"Yes," Evan admitted, "it is a pleasant life — but it need not be so profitable. This profit, as in the Caucasus before, makes us lose our faith and Wasily is frightened of the Sons of Freedom. They will win yet."

"Yes, Evan, they will win — but why do they burn and pillage?"

"Maybe they do not — at any rate not the right ones. Maybe Wasily would arrange such pillage and lay it to the Sons that they should become unpopular and be turned away — and maybe it is just his enemies."

Evan turned to go to bed and just then they saw Grigory Mikitovitch, carrying something, go quietly past the back of the village. Grigory had not been at the Elders' meeting and Wasily knew it. He was on a mission.

Next day it was reported the grocery store in the nearby village of Drumlea had been blown up, and the police said it was the Sons of Freedom and Wasily was enraged against them and with him the Community, and they proceeded to the chamber of Evan Evanovitch and Anna his wife.

It was not late in the morning, but the room was cleaned, and Evan was waiting with his wife — but he had locked the door. Evan knew that they did not believe in force, and without force he would not go.

From outside Wasily and the rest threatened much and they said they would burn down his room — but that would mean burning the others. They broke the windows and they broke open the door. Grigory Nicholaevitch and others who were fond of Evan and his wife pleaded with Wasily to do them no harm — but Wasily beat Grigory and the others with his stick across the back, as indeed he and the Elders often beat the members of the Community.

They drew Evan out and also Anna, who tried to take some possessions, but they tore them away because they belonged, they said, to the Community, though much was for the wages in kind that Evan had earned. They kicked them and hurt them, and finally they were left together on the road. Evan Evanovitch was white with anger, and his strong arms had longed to resist and defend his wife and she, too, was weeping with rage and mortification — but they just walked the road and before dusk they came to Drumlea, where there had been the explosion. They went to the house of John Popoff, a cousin of the Elder Michael Popoff, and he was willing to take them into his house where he was practising the Caucasian Doukhobor religion as best he could.

THEY had wrestled with the Spirit of Evil and they had not given way. They remained at Drumlea a few months, and Evan worked an odd day for local farmers and earned some dollars. They lived on the prod-

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uce of a strip of land, and they bought almost no foodstuffs from outside. When they had time John Popoff and Evan built a house in which Evan and his wife could live, and in the meantime Anna was awaiting her baby.

In the Community, so they heard, things were not going too well, and Grigory Mikitovitch, the Elder, had been turned out by Wasily. The reason that was given was that he had had charge of some of the Doukhobor Community accounts and that he had taken the money for his own personal use. But he himself said differently, and said that he had done certain missions for Wasily, and Wasily had authorized him to reward himself in that way. Evan, who had seen Grigory Mikitovitch that night before he was expelled, creeping in, believed Grigory, and was not surprised that he, who had not the real Spirit of the Sons of Freedom, had vowed vengeance on Wasily — but it would bring good to no one.

For a long time now John Popoff had refused to pay taxes to the Provincial Government for his house and land because he said the land should belong to every one, but the Government did not agree with him and at last sold his property over his head, including the house he and Evan Evanovitch were building, and turned them all out on to the road again. The officials were not as rough as the Community had been and Evan remarked that the smaller the person you offend, the more roughly, often, he punishes you. Anna was loath to go, but now they had nothing at all with which to pay and they must go.

They all went by foot nearly seventy miles until they came near Karlo where John Peripatkin had established the biggest group of them that had been turned out from the Community, and there they were gladly welcomed. There was a cottage where four men had lived, and who were now in prison for taking part in a nude parade and they were allowed to sleep there.

The Peripatkin Colony consisted of about sixty families, and they had squatted near a small river, near the town of Karlo, but away in the woods and they had cleared some of the land, and they were living there on the produce. Every day whenever the Spirit moved them they undressed and worked in the fields. They said it was healthy, and it was done in Germany and England and elsewhere and therefore why not in Canada? Besides it humiliated the too proud flesh, and they only undressed before others when the latter tried to use violence and arrest them, or had used violence to their friends, for the Lord had said if a man take your over garment, give him your under garment. Such was their philosophy and they lived quietly and harmed no one, and led a Spartan life and wished to be left in peace. Evan Evanovitch and Anna were happy, and he worked and wrote and they shared in the work of the Community.

But the time of the census had arrived. This was a Federal matter, no longer a question for the Province only, but for the whole country. Local men were employed to ask the questions, and local men are not always broad minded. They did not understand the Sons of Freedom.

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They were themselves of somewhat Puritanical descent — and they had not heard much of sun bathing, nor did they see that the burning of schools and the blowing up of grocery stores might not be so simply traced to the Sons of Freedom as they imagined. They disliked the Sons of Freedom and therefore they could not understand their attitude toward a census. With the Sons, marriage is a thing that does not begin at any given date; people just gradually fall in love and have children. But then they should remain together if possible for the rest of their lives. Neither do they consider it anything but vanity to remember your age, nor will they register births, and it is a mystery what they do with their dead, for they call in no doctor.

So the Commissioners came to the camp, to the wooden huts near Karlo and they asked the Sons of Freedom all these questions and some could speak no English at all, only Russian, and some only a little, and so Evan Evanovitch and some others interpreted for them, and explained that they knew not their parents, and many knew not their ages, and one was frivolous and said she felt she was a thousand years old. This was too much for the composure of the officials and they arrested ten men, and the ten men included Evan Evanovitch. Evan did not want to go to prison, because his wife Anna would soon have her child, and he dreaded leaving her. Until then they had seemed so happy and the punishment seemed so unnecessary, and the women sorely needed their men folk to work for the little they could get out of the land — yet the men were taken away. And Evan Evanovitch was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He was well treated and his life was not made miserable though he was unhappy at leaving his wife, and worried much about her.

In the meanwhile Grigory Mikitovitch, who had been away from the Peripatkin Colony where he now lived, doing business of his own, returned to the Colony. He heard what had happened and said that they must not let the matter pass without protest. The women must march to the town and disrobe and walk past the Court House in protest. Not the men, because they would arrest them. But he said they would not touch the women, and so twenty of the women went and they included Anna, because she insisted on protesting for her husband, though she was in no condition to go. As they approached the town, the police heard of their coming and came out armed with pepper pots full of an itching powder and also sticks in case the women should refuse to go home.

When the women met the police and were told to return they refused and quickly disrobed. The police, only six in number, did what they could to stop them and freely used the itching powder. But the women at this became angry and used legs and arms to resist the police and to pass on. There were Community Doukhobors standing near by and they, too, were incensed, not at the action of the police, but at that of the women, and they started in to beat the women and many were badly mauled and beaten before they could return to their camp.

When they returned there, Anna collapsed in great agony at what she

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had gone through and two days later she died.

Later Evan Evanovitch was released and returned to Karlo. There he heard that his wife was dead and that he had no child, and that it was even too late to perform the rites expected of all Doukhobors for their dead, six weeks after death. Indeed she had wrestled with the Spirit of Evil and had defeated him. Evan knew nothing for a little time and was lost in an ocean of misery. His brethren came and sat beside him on the long bench and they chanted their hymns and he joined in their prayers, for he felt he was with friends, but his misery seemed too great to be borne.

For a few days he scarce spoke and then one day he asked for Grigory Mikitovitch, who was not truly a Son of Freedom but a non-practising Doukhobor; he had asked for shelter, and that the Sons refused to no one. Then they told him that very day Grigory had been convicted of blowing up a train on which were Wasily and some others, and Wasily and a man from the town of Karlo had been killed and Grigory Mikitovitch was sentenced to death. "It is well," said Evan, but no more. Just then the incensed inhabitants of Karlo, wild with rage after the conviction of Grigory Mikitovitch, were marching on the Colony and soon the Sons heard them coming and they seemed to sing and be drunk and many of the women were frightened. But John Peripatkin and Evan Evanovitch and John Popoff and Grigory Nicholaevitch called them all together and they sat on the bench with the Sacred Bread between them and they sang the hymns that were their Bible. These hymns had come down by word of mouth to them from the Caucasus, from Siberia, through Saskatchewan to British Columbia, and after today where indeed would any be to sing them again?

Evan Evanovitch spoke to them, "Above all offer no resistance. They can do us no harm, we wilfully have done them no harm. We believe our creed — to deny it would be hypocrisy and we would be bad citizens. If they kill us, then we will be happy. Happier than to be left living like this in daily torture — happy when we are dead because we will have ceased to wrestle with the Spirit and shall be victorious." They all said, "Amen."

And Evan Evanovitch heard them coming nearer and he drew himself up and looked over the river to the mountains and smiled triumphantly, for he was thinking of his misery nearly finished and of Anna who was his wife, and whom he would find. And he knew he was a true Doukhobor.

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Our Laggard Theatre

By Louise Maunsell Field

Plays of 1928, plays of the 'Nineties, plays of ancient Greece—but no plays of the world of today

Since 1929, life in these United States has changed swiftly, sharply and painfully. Depression has succeeded a veritable orgy of prosperity; the national sense of sitting jubilantly on top of the world and having money to burn, has disappeared. In its place, has come a bewildered, injured-innocence feeling of instability. The precariousness which now pervades all jobs, salaries and dividends, has affected practically all of us, and in almost every way, mental, moral and spiritual.

All of which is, of course, a commonplace of fact; but it hasn't yet reached the fictitious world of the theatre, which usually prides itself on being completely up to date. The plays of these closing months of 1931 are plays which really belong to 1929; or to a day even earlier. A few of them touch timeless subjects, and consequently are of no particular period; several of them turn back to the more or less distant past; no one of them, so far, has fully or even approximately reflected that uneasy consciousness of living and being obliged to watch others live on a thin crust of ice spread over fathomless depths of cold black water which pervades even those sections of society that formerly took their own security for granted.

John Galsworthy's somewhat scrappy but very interesting play, *The Roof*, perhaps comes nearer than any other to a direct relation with this awareness of insecurity. He shows us various bedrooms in a small Paris hotel, with the people who are occupying them for the night, people who are all deeply interested in their own concerns, and would have, under ordinary circumstances, very little in common. But a fire, started by a drunken wastrel as a joke, sweeps suddenly through the building, and they are all forced to flee to the roof. Mr. Galsworthy's intention evidently was to show that when subjected to some sharp, unexpected test, most people come up to the scratch bravely enough; a doctrine which might have seemed quite startling a couple of years ago. From the lovable old waiter, so beautifully played by Edouard La Roche, to Ernest Cossart's amusing, reliable, entirely middle-class Mr. Beeton, not one of them fails, as several of them had feared they might fail, when the moment of testing comes.

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But what brings this fine play home to present-day audiences, what especially makes it a play which has something to say to present-day audiences, is the sudden destruction of the material surroundings on whose stability all these different people had unconsciously depended, and the courage with which they confront that proven instability. Excellently acted by a first-class company, this is emphatically, and for many reasons, a play to see.

The characters of *The Roof*, being almost all of them likable, are in marked contrast to the very disagreeable individuals of Eugene O'Neill's Freudianized version of the old Greek legend of the House of Atreus, *Mourning Becomes Electra*. This is perhaps as well, for that timeless, sinister, and intensely dramatic play of love, illicit or tainted, hatred, revenge, murder and suicide, would otherwise be almost too painful to endure. Decidedly the best thing the most important of latter-day American playwrights has yet done, this trilogy, which takes six hours in the playing, even when cut, follows the old story closely in its main outlines. Ezra Mannon, the Agamemnon, comes home from the Civil, as his prototype did from the Trojan War, and is murdered by his wife Christine, the modern Clytemnestra, with the aid and connivance of her lover, Captain Adam Brant, otherwise Ægisthus. Mannon's daughter, Lavinia (Electra), discovers her mother's guilt and urges her brother, the weak, sensitive, easily influenced Orin, to avenge their father. But Orin's pronounced Oedipus complex makes the whole affair at once more intricate and more hideous, as does Lavinia's love for Captain Brant, and her jealous hatred of her mother. In no one of them is there anything approaching grandeur, anything of the "magnificent in sin" effect of the ancient Greeks. They are smaller, meaner, uglier in character and motive. Puritanism, something of the old Greek consciousness of implacable, omnipotent Fate, and certain modern theories of psychology meet and mingle curiously in this remarkable tragedy, a tragedy with far less of hope than its Greek original. No pitying Athena descends from Olympus to mitigate the woes of the modern Orestes. The taxing part of Lavinia serves to reveal the full artistic stature of Alice Brady, and Madame Nazimova is at her best as the strange, tortured and torturing Christine. After a rather unfortunate start with Alfred Savoir's unconvincing satire, *He*, the Theatre Guild has achieved one of its greatest successes in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, a play whose story is of ancient Greece, of the Civil War period, and of this year of gloom, 1931.

THE *House of Connelly*, on the other hand, is essentially a play of the South as it was during the early 'Nineties. It has been much praised, but the fact that the actors, though sometimes loud, are almost always unintelligible makes it difficult for those sitting back of the very front row of the orchestra to form any adequate idea of the merits or demerits of Paul Green's latest play. It concerns a not particularly interesting, poverty-stricken Southern family of aristocratic traditions, which is apparently doomed to suffer regeneration at the hands of a

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girl whose own people are "poor white trash," through her marriage with the weakling son and heir. This marriage, one gathers, does not meet with the approval of the young man's mother, one of those decrepit, tottering old crones who are so often the mothers of youths still in their twenties — on the stage, if not in real life. But mother obligingly expires, and the lovers are united.

Of course, the congenital inferiority of the aristocrat, male or female, to the individual of humble birth, is a fundamental part of the creed of all popular fiction, in and out of the theatre. It is demonstrated again in Elmer Rice's thoroughly enjoyable *Counsellor At Law*, where Third Avenue once more triumphs over Park. In this new play the author of *Street Scene* returns to the type of his greatest success, showing the various persons who come to the office of a prominent lawyer with political affiliations. George Simon, admirably impersonated by Paul Muni, had himself been a poor boy who sold newspapers on the streets. Unlike many of the successful, he never forgot his old friends, several of whom appear in the play. The plot is of the slightest, being concerned with the attempt to disbar Simon made by a certain Francis Clarke Baird, chairman of the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association. Baird hated Simon, who, having come up out of the gutter, was of course the abler of the two, and had worsted the "Mayflower descendant" more than once. After many determined efforts to "get something" on Simon, Baird discovered his one misstep, the faking of an alibi to save a boy from a life sentence. What counts is not the story, but the deftness and veracity of most of the character drawing, the shrewdness and humor with which most of the people are presented, and acted. Only the supposed aristocrats are unreal, though Louise Prussing struggles nobly to inject a little credibility into the part of Simon's 'igh and 'aughty wife. If the general atmosphere of *Counsellor At Law* is of 1928 rather than 1931, it is amusing enough and true enough to human nature to enable you to laugh and be glad. Which is high praise these days.

One of the unusual things about this, so far, anachronistic season, is that several of its best plays have been adapted from novels. *Cynara*, built on the perennial theme of a man's infidelity to the wife he really and devotedly loves, is so true to one particular phase of life as it is and people as they are, that you feel as if you were watching an actual occurrence, something which might have happened, moreover, at almost any time and in almost any place; it belongs to 1831 as well as to 1931. Though the part of Jim Warlock, obliged to remain, for the most part, unresponsive while first one and then another woman makes love to him, is rather awkward, Philip Merivale manages to make it neither ridiculous nor unsympathetic, while Adrienne Allen strikes precisely the right note as the shop assistant who was the girl in the case. H. M. Harwood and A. F. Gore-Brown have done a really distinguished piece of work in this play, one of the few no theatre goer should miss.

Another novel adaptation which

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ranks with the not-to-be-missed is the admirably constructed murder play which Jeffrey Dell has made from C. S. Forester's *Payment Deferred*. Exceptionally interesting, very dramatic, and moving logically and swiftly forward to an unexpected, ironic climax, the play is notwithstanding overshadowed by Charles Laughton's superb performance of the little bank clerk who was driven by poverty to murder. Here we have a character and a situation belonging to every time and place, though with a certain extra appropriateness at this moment, when so many are finding themselves almost as much in need of money as was William Marble. Mr. Laughton, who, like his play, comes to us from England, does some of the best acting seen on our stage in many a long day, and it is to be hoped that he will not be allowed to go home until we have had a chance to see him in many more parts. Well supported by an excellent company, his playing is one of the outstanding events of the season.

Yet another successful play made from a novel is the dramatization by Edward Knoblock and J. B. Priestley of the latter's wholly delightful novel, *The Good Companions*. That fascinating, richly flavored, robust and very long novel couldn't, however, be properly presented on the stage in one evening, but would need at least a dozen hours for its performance, which might prove just a little too much for even the most resolute of theatre goers. Still, even the comparatively denuded bits of it which are all that can be transferred to the stage during the time allowed, provide plenty of enjoyment, though it must be admitted that of all the long cast only the Miss Trant of Velerie Trent and the Monte Mortimer of James Baber, seem really to have stepped out of the book. The novel was a tonic for depression, and some of its exhilarating quality remains in the play; for which let us be duly grateful.

Another curious thing about the present season, up to the time of writing, is the quite amazing diminution in number of those plays whose principal reason for being was a forlorn hope that they might prove indecent enough to shock the audience. Managers have, apparently, at last reached the conclusion, so long attained by almost every one else, that the day of shock successes is past and gone. Here at least, the theatre has progressed to 1931. While *The Sex Fable* — what an extraordinary translation of the title of Edouard Bourdet's *Le Sexe Faible!* — was "daring" in the extreme, it was also extremely witty in its reversal of certain familiar theatrical situations, and though it might be one of those plays no really nice girl would take her mother to see (mothers nowadays seldom waiting to be taken), it relied on its cleverness to appeal to a metropolitan audience. Ronald Squire as an ubiquitous, entirely worldly maître d'hôtel, Mrs. Patrick Campbell as a Countess of a type better left undescribed, Helen Haye as the scheming mother of a marriageable son — not daughter — and Rafael Corio as the gigolo who was tired of gigoloing and wanted to go to work, did some excellent acting in an amusing satire, which nevertheless proved too much in the mode of 1929 to last in present day New York.

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THOUGH changed conditions have made things doubly difficult for those plays which belong to earlier, more prosperous times, a few have managed to overcome all obstacles. The deft dialogue and often amusing situations of Somerset Maugham's *The Breadwinner* arouse interest in the rebellion of a man who grows tired of being a mere purveyor of luxuries for his silly wife and ungrateful children, the more readily because the part is played by the always likable A. E. Matthews, and has an excellent foil in the "hearty" Alfred Grainger of Eric Cowley. But though Ronald Jeans' thoughtful, if very pessimistic *Lean Harvest* gave Leslie Banks an opportunity to do some excellent acting as the ambitious Nigel, and might also in its presentation of his misery have been expected to carry some consolation to an audience beset by falling dividends, it set forth the embittering effects of poverty a little too remorselessly for its own welfare. Poverty, combined with too much mother, was the stumbling-block in the way of the agreeable young couple of John Golden and Hugh Stange's weakly constructed *After Tomorrow*, a play which began a good deal better than it ended. Mildly amusing, and with Donald Meek as the amiable, down-trodden husband, it might have survived a good while in a less rigorous season.

Marred by occasional and quite unnecessary grossness, Elmer Rice's *The Left Bank*, a study of American expatriates in Paris, is so true and vivid in its presentation of character that it holds attention in spite of the fact that the questions it discusses are of a type which was very much to the fore — a couple of years ago. In fact, its theme seems rather less up to date than that of the revived and frankly antiquated *Streets of New York*. For Boucicault's old drama dealt with the panic and depression of 1857, which seem to have resembled the panic and depression of 1930–31 more than a little. Deftly staged and played with just the right, delicately contrived touch of burlesque, the stilted old drama makes you laugh until your sides ache, even while reminding you that what is happening now has happened many times before. Moffat Johnston as a villain any audience would enjoy hissing, Rollo Peters as the ineffably gentlemanly hero, Dorothy Gish as the sweet, gentle, modest-violet heroine, and Jessie Busley as the landlady with a heart of gold, are the most important members of a thoroughly capable cast. And stilted, bombastic as they are, these 1857 representatives of what we now call "the white-collar" poor, with their inability to find work and their terror of being dispossessed, seem in a way astonishingly modern. Which may have something to do with the fact that this revival, originally intended for only a comparatively short run, has held the boards with amazing tenacity.

Another, and very different revival, is that of Sheridan's brilliant comedy, *The School For Scandal*. Here we have Ethel Barrymore as the loveliest, most radiant of Lady Teazles, arch, graceful, charming, daintily artificial in the earlier scenes, revealing the real, warm-hearted woman hidden beneath the powder, brocades and elaborate manners of the period, at the sudden, dramatic

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falling of the fateful screen. As an all-round production, this new *School For Scandal* leaves little to be desired save a slight speeding up of the general pace of the playing, a little more distinctness in speech on the part of McKay Morris' handsome Joseph, and a little more irascibility on that of Mr. Gore-King's otherwise admirable Sir Peter. The necessary cutting has been discreetly done, and transported back into a world of minuets and lace ruffles, gallantry and glamor, the fascinated spectator forgets the dust and turmoil outside, revelling in grace, wit and romance.

For the plays of yesterday seem, if not more out of date, certainly more alien, and alien in a more irritating manner, than those of long ago. They remind us too sharply of a too recent past. Charles Surface, auctioning off his ancestors and laughing at his creditors, is so definitely of another age that he is merely amusing. But stage figures obviously living in a world which, while ostensibly that of today, is yet one whose stability is taken for granted, or whose interests and pursuits are primarily those purely — or impurely — sexual ones which now seem a good deal like fiddling while Rome is burning, can hope for little sympathy at a time when "the facts of life" have suddenly assumed an aspect different from that once implied by the too familiar phrase. The stage of today is still reflecting the world of yesterday and of years before, a world which tacitly took for granted the continued and continuing existence of much that has either suddenly vanished, or else proved utterly unreliable. Events, it would seem, have moved too quickly for the playwrights, and the dramas they are giving us today are still concerned with problems which have either taken on a new and different appearance, or else been temporarily laid aside. Let us hope that they will soon catch up with things as they are, and so bring about the much needed modernization of our theatre, which is now lagging far behind the times.

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That Servant Problem

By Ethel Peyser

If servants have filled more prison cells than any other class of women workers, perhaps their employers deserve the blame

Our traditional conception of the servant problem must be revised to meet modern, social and economic changes, even as a new orientation is needed on marriage and every other question.

While working in a religious organization given to the betterment of women, I was convinced, if never before, of the difficulties in the solution of the problem of home service. It was during the time when the bomb-shell of the two-shift day was hurled at a group of the "ladies," those arch-beacons, who spread the light of their gold throughout this organization, as long as *their* homes were unviolated by change. These "ladies" had settled upon the healthful hours of labor for working women (save in their own institution), and were aghast when it was suggested that the wage earners in their respective and respectable homes should also be awarded definite hours and definite human prerogatives. I was prepared to see among these welfare workers a willingness to depart from the old and an alacrity to embrace the new. They had rightly upset the factory owner, in a moulding of new schedules for new conditions, but readjustment for *themselves* was out of the question.

It is plain then, that the fundamental trouble is that feudalism is still in its last stages in the home, even in the home of the so called intelligent woman. Like beauty, the trouble lies in the eye and the heart of the beholder. Not always in the maid, but often in the mistress; not in the conditions, but in frozen bonds to tradition; not in the open eye of clear perception but in the squinting eye of willful obstinacy, and in a monolithic antagonism to facing facts. This is proved because little has been done to solve the problem save hysterical inveighing against existing conditions. The little that has been accomplished is merely (save in sporadic cases) a haphazard sliding into alleviations enforced from the outside.

Notwithstanding the impasse, women who do advocate sensible changes in the home régime are called visionaries or, even worse, Reds, and the smearing of this color over every new idea is holding back comforts and the necessary new

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elegancies which should be born even in a transitional era. No one considers the stage coach practical today. The reason is obvious.

Specifically the problem asserts itself when the maid is engaged. It is inherent in the tendency of the employer to minimize the difficulties of the job and to gloss things over with vain promises. So the maid entering upon the new work finds everything to be utterly different from what she has been led to believe. Later, the employer blames the maid for the explosion, for which she herself has planted the charge. Whereas, had she painted the kettle a little blacker, or even in its right colors, the maid would have been agreeably surprised rather than rebellious. For example, if when hired a cook is told that she will have to prepare an extra series of meals for an upper caste servant, she would know beforehand what her duties were. By not forewarning her, a well planned battle ensues. This sort of thing happening in the totally unstandardized home amounts to dishonesty. But women, sorry to say, are too afraid of not getting a maid — if only for a day of hysteria!

Dishonesty again prevails where a friend of the mistress decoys the girl with promises of higher payment. The girl is blamed for departing without reason, even though she has been pledged to secrecy by the so called friend. Both the friend and the maid are culpable, there is no question about that. Certainly the friend is more so. If honor is a concomitant of breeding, mistresses should look to their own characters before trying to train the peasant or expect perfection from her. Henry Fielding, when speaking of servants felt this to be true, for he says in *Tom Jones* that the trouble lies in the "want of what is called virtue in mistresses . . . for in their dishonor there is a kind of contagion, which like poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it."

Another form of dishonesty rears its head in some of the "offices" or employment agencies, to which both the mistress and the maid repair for mutual alliances. In these strongholds the lady is assured by the agent that she "knows all about Mary," and paints her in glowing colors. Mary is consequently engaged, but it is soon revealed that the agent knew nothing of Mary, for Mary proves utterly inept. The office gets Mary back time and time again for recurrent fees. The ladies pay them and repeatedly go through the same process. In any like dilemma the employer would consult doctors, lawyers or other experts. In this, nothing is done, but to suffer the same experience until it has become sewed up with tyrannic tradition. The housekeeper then either puts up with it all, or does her own work, rather than attempt to understand something of the nature of the struggle and its possible cures.

INDEED, the problem could be solved and is, where the mistress has breeding based on the will to understand. One of the things she must learn (if she abhors ructions, as she should) is that no maid will think that her home is as idyllic as she does. Too few employers realize this. Yet in an investigation a decade or two ago, it was found that domestic servants filled more cells in

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prisons and reformatories than any other class of women workers! Despite the fact that many of these "perfect" homes have been training schools for prison careers, there are few mistresses who do not expect *gratitude* from the servant, commensurate with the prized atmosphere of their homes. "Some of my maids," said a woman to me, "leave me because they can get higher wages elsewhere." I assured her that such was the custom with all wage-earners. "But," said she, utterly confounded, "I did everything to make them happy and they didn't show the least bit of gratitude." I ask, why should a maid be grateful to the extent of taking less money than she can earn? Does any business man blame an employe for leaving for a better job and does he whine about ingratitude?

Now let us see what "everything to make her happy" means. It often means self-complacent, misguided giving of concrete things, which do not compensate for privileges granted graciously, for well timed criticism and kindliness in general. I know of one typical instance. Delia was delightfully housed, but was never permitted to have company in her sitting-room-bedroom. She was sent to church in the station-wagon, she could use the radio when no one was at home, she was allowed to go out one night a week, she could go to the movies occasionally, if she *asked* to go, but at all costs, must be home by 10.30 p.m. How many of us would enjoy a night out under such a régime, particularly if "home" was thirty minutes from the nearest theatre? When Delia left, her mistress complained bitterly, "I don't understand how she could have left me after all I did for her. She's just like all of them! They're a different breed! They're all ungrateful wretches!" This happens over and over again. Yet a thirst for gratitude is a Utopian demand. How much of this ambrosia do we get from friends and relatives?

There is the chronic complaint, too, that the maid-of-all-work insists upon having every night off. Of course this *is* a trying demand. But when you stop to think, it is most natural. A maid living in the one maid house, is on duty from about 7.30 or before, until she goes to bed. She is actually never off duty. Do you know of any other class of workers who submit to that? But some one argues, "It wasn't like that in my mother's day." That is true enough, because in our mothers' day, housemaids like other women, had not tasted of the new freedoms, and because generally speaking they had the companionship of other maids, and the servant quarter had a life of its own. Today a maid is usually alone, due to lack of space, decreased immigration and the factory lure, so the burden of work is cast on a rather solitary day of toil. This is a decidedly important set of angles on the "company" question. For no matter how much you talk and try to entertain a maid, she, unlike a dog, prefers her own kind. Furthermore, withholding the privilege of freedom after the day's work has tended to make the servant a *rara avis*, and to keep wages up, for the most independent spirits fly to the factories, where they have definite hours and definite prerogatives and tasks. This action in my opinion is an uncon-

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scious yearning, not only to raise their social caste but for *standardization*. The only solution in this dilemma is to engage the itinerant worker by the hour, and allow the maid free evenings after her eight to twelve hours of work in order to perserve the serving classes and also to make an attempt at systematization.

ALTHOUGH at present we have no systematization nor standardization, the ignorant peasant is expected to make swift adjustment as she goes from home to home, wherein the work schedules and tools are totally new to her. If she doesn't adapt herself at once she is called "stupid" and "slow," whereas the new office worker, in business, where things are more or less standardized, is given sufficient time to adjust; in fact the loss of time in "human turn-over" is definitely computed and discounted. Facile adjustment is a superior accomplishment. Indeed, when you realize that "the ability to adjust to new conditions" is one of the best definitions of education, how can illiterate and inexperienced people be expected to spring full fledged to mastery in the most poorly organized field of labor — the home? Sensibly married people, business associates and committee members recognize that it takes time to readjust and that this period must be endured patiently in all new alignments of living and working.

Unfortunately, whether fitted or ill fitted any one can marry and employ servants. The money necessary is not predicated on wisdom or knowledge, and the lack of standardization gives the ignorant housekeeper no practical working basis. This lack of a formula is always painful, but more poignant, when it comes to the coöperation of the mistress with an upper caste servitor. Here the lady has to forge her own tracks for smooth running. Trouble is in the offing for two reasons: the relations between the family and employer must be laid down and the relations between the higher caste maid and the other servants must not blow up. This demands finesse in lieu of codes and standards. The mistress has to cope with a more socialized being, than the so called menial. She is not used to giving suggestions, she has always given commands. The moment she has an employe impinging the least bit on her own social groove, her past rooted in feudalism asserts itself, and without control, the results are resentments and continual divorcements.

Many women have to solve the difficult problem of keeping the higher caste assistant happy, particularly the one who has a more or less *idée fixe* about eating with the family. It certainly is not comfortable to have a stranger always in our midst, therefore a solution must be found to circumvent this condition. When engaging such an assistant, if the employer grips the situation at the beginning in a kindly and tactful way there is usually little trouble later. I know a woman who has a complicated household with secretary and governess, who when she engages such staff members says approximately: "I feel that you need your privacy as well as we need ours. Of course I am very anxious, when you are in my home, to make you as happy as possible and I know that

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when I give important dinners or when there are intimate gatherings planned, you would be as uncomfortable as we should be, if you felt you had always to be in evidence." This puts the prospective incumbent, who is so often a lady, in an advantageous position. Should this handling not be appreciated this is the time, not later, to end the relationship. But if the assistant agrees to take the post and if the cook has been forewarned, as I suggested above, about preparing extra meals, everything should go smoothly.

An experience of my own illustrates another fact. I have a flat in a building where the engineer's wife is kind enough to leave her quarters to help me occasionally with my housework or when I have extra guests. This young woman has never been "in service." Obviously she can not be treated as many treat their maids, if for no other reason than the one that she would never come to me again. One day during a tea I was giving for some journalists, the young woman spied a well known novelist, and asked me to introduce her. I did so with pleasure and the novelist being a well-bred woman took it with graciousness and ease. However to some women this would have been a frightful moment! It would have been to the woman who said to me this week: "Fancy, Mrs. A—, when she sat down at my table, bowing to the maid!"

It is from this two code system of manners that maladjustment often has its inception. One set is invoked with equals and another set with servants, which is patently due to a lack of breeding, for ingrained courtesy is not turned on and off like a fountain. One evening I dined with a friend whose maid was far from perfect. As she maladroitly passed the dishes, my hostess reprimanded Mary with distressing vigor and frequency, to the embarrassment of the guests — and Mary. Why she never flared up and dropped the china I am not psychologically equipped to say. Probably Mary's ancestry was more royal than her mistress's. Later, however, we heard that Mary left and that my hostess was highly indignant, for she was convinced that she "had done everything to keep Mary contented." If she had, it wasn't what would have made any of her confrères ecstatic.

Again the two codes come into play in the case where the maid breaks or treats certain possessions without respect. For some reason the peasant (or her equal in our social scale) is expected to have a high regard for rare linens, china and glass although she probably has never previously experienced them. I have seen a hostess fly into a rage when she saw the maid wipe a spot off the parquet floor with a dish towel, while the matter of a guest blotting a spilled cocktail off a highly polished table with a rare damask napkin she took with a smile, although the varnish remained as everlasting testimony of a crass lack of consideration. Could the mistress be as polite to the maid when administering rebukes, peace would not be so often torn on the rack of bad manners.

As well as a double standard in manners, the double standard of judgment exists. This is well drawn in the instance of a woman I know who would not engage a girl because

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her nails were manicured. She felt that too much of her working time would be used in "fripperies" and that she "would be too high and mighty." Yet this woman discharged a maid because she had a personal odor. Bathing takes time. Such amenities are essential among our equals. Why shouldn't they be at least equally important among house maids, with whom we come into such close and continual contact?

INEVITABLY we arrive at another phase of the problem, that of the rise in wages (which at this writing shows signs of clearing up). This has been an irksome hurdle, but with the rest of the modern inconveniences has to be taken with reasonableness. That the servant who used to receive eighteen to twenty dollars a month, receives nearly as much a week, rankles. Unconsciously, more is expected of one or two maids today at that price than was of four to six in the olden days. A young woman I know, who married from a wealthy home was always changing maids. She was continually comparing what was done in her father's home with four maids, to what was being or not being done in her own, with one! I tried to convince her that it was due to her own lack of management, for I have seen the one-maid menage conducted as if there were at least two maids operating. But it was a useless effort on my part, for she visited all the faults upon the maid and none on her own ignorance of housekeeping. Domestic reformation must be first tried by the employer. She must learn how to coöperate, how to banish non-essentials, and how to keep calm.

Women who started out with inherited maids of the ancient and more comfortable régime are most unhappy, when by the force of circumstances they lose their "inheritance" and find themselves utterly unfit to manage their own homes. Yet over and over again these are the women who blame the servants and fail to see the motes in their own eyes. There is nothing more vitiating and distracting for the trained worker than to have to work where the issues are never defined. What must it be for the ignorant worker in the home, where there is no standardization and no firm guiding hand!

That many servants request different food from that of the family is not a very serious problem and should be easily understood. How many times have we ourselves, in foreign parts, yearned for home dishes! It is certainly easier occasionally, should we have foreign help, to buy a little "local color" rather than have the stomach dictate domestic earthquakes.

Among other complaints is that "We keep our maids even when we don't like them, yet the moment they are displeased, they leave." Can any one be sure how long they have been displeased? And how do you know that they haven't sensed your dislike? It may be that they have long been wondering what to do and have decided finally that their action (in leaving) will speak louder than their untutored pronouncements? Again these dissatisfactions come down to a lack of understanding on the part of the employer.

It would be unjust, well-nigh madness to say that the fault lies

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only in the mistress, although I believe seven-eighths of it does! There are bad servants and many of them, yet it is time that the criticism of *some* should not blacken the whole genus and that the mistress be led before the bar. Indeed I have known cases where the most accomplished housekeepers in the most ideal matrix of good breeding, have had the most calamitous experiences. I have seen maids impertinent, utterly unscrupulous, demanding, thieving and even cruel. With servants as with equals, it must be realized that these things will happen — and when they do, write it down to the vagaries of human nature.

Yet notwithstanding all this and the rigors of this era, there are still honorable and kind maids. Only this month I have heard of two corps who are staying on severally, with two financially broken families, in one case taking a small stipend and in the other nothing but bed and board, rather than leave their employers in the lurch. This speaks, of course, as well for the employers as for the maids. But it certainly proves what may ensue if a solid entente has been established . . . from both sides of the *un*-equation.

Therefore if this subject be treated as are other questions, a way out can be reached. It will never be solved by throwing up the hands and resorting to emotional transports or resting the blame on the "ungrateful wretches" in an attempt to wrest it from ourselves. It will never be solved until the employer realizes that feudalism has passed; that gratitude is outworn coinage; that there are other homes as good as hers; that she is not a paragon of behavior; that she is not beyond the need of expert advice; that one code of manners and one code of judgment will dispel much trouble; that servants need recreation and will demand it, as among the tenets of the New Freedom; and not until employers standardize the home and the maids learn a little more about what is needed in such homes will the feud between mistress and maid end.

If civilization has progressed we can not expect to see a galley slave in an electric kitchen.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

STACKS and stacks of books, a year nearing its end, the country air rich in the pungency of burning leaves, this last one of the things every one with a keen sense of smell should be thankful for; and besides all these interesting matters, the Landscaper has recently visited in the Eighteenth Century. Not, to be sure, by using one of Dr. Einstein's numerous extra dimensions — there are five now and pathetically few of us have ever caught up with the fourth — but by no more sensational means than a train trip to Charlottesville, Virginia, where, at the invitation of Mr. Jefferson's University, a group of Southern writers collected for a week-end. It might have been a solemn and portentous gathering somewhere else, with much discussion of life and art, and what to do about the culture of America, but it turned out to be no more than a gracious two days spent in pleasant company, giving many people the opportunity of seeing each other in stimulating circumstances who might otherwise have had to confine their contacts to New York tea parties. These institutions, the Landscaper feels, are a bit hard on leisurely-minded Southerners; certainly his own experience is that by the time he has hatched a reasonably intelligent remark, his companion of the moment is talking to some one else.

The ease and spaciousness of Mr. Jefferson's day cling curiously to Charlottesville, and however much one may feel the famous Lawn and Colonnade to be completely anachronistic, they, with the other older buildings on the campus, preserve something American in spirit — they have an artistic integrity as the honest expression of an age and of the minds of the men who made it. This quality is, of course, wholly lacking from most of our college campuses, which are so often not only ugly in themselves but offensive because of the fundamental dishonesty of their architecture. Perhaps it would be dangerous to cite examples, but the Landscaper might as well admit that he is thinking of Yale at the moment. . . . It is more than a little strange that our architects, with all the styles to choose from, and all the periods, are still able to exhibit such shocking taste. In New York and all our cities good new buildings go up side by side with monstrosities; the general level

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is raised little if any. But all this is leading us pretty far afield. It would be, however, difficult to think about Thomas Jefferson at all without thinking about architecture; Struthers Burt said at the Charlottesville meeting, contemplating a room at the Farmington Country Club that was done by Jefferson: "I admire Mr. Jefferson, but it must have been a nuisance to have him drop in for a call and start changing things around to suit himself."

Mr. Jefferson's Gadgets

NO BORN gadget-maker, such as Jefferson proved himself to be at Monticello, with his dumb-waiters, filing cabinets, folding beds, weathervanes that registered indoors, and all the rest, could have let things alone. It was a century for changing things, anyway, for changing ideas and altering the face of the universe. The characteristic man of the century was interested in everything; he knew how to work with his hands at his own gadgets and how to toy agreeably with ideas that were as dangerous as T.N.T. He kept tremendously active, no doubt, because of the stimulation of this combination of hand and mind. Mr. Jefferson should have written a better political document every time he sat down to the table in his study that was also a filing cabinet, for in the back of his mind must have been the feeling that he himself had been responsible for the tool he was using. Just as he must have felt a glow of pride and accomplishment every time he glanced out of his study window and saw which way the wind was blowing. There is no space here for a development of this theory, but the Landscaper is confident that one of the lacks in the present age is this connection between the things we use and our own hands and minds. Can our psychologists and philosophers find a substitute for this most essential gratification? It will be easier perhaps to alter the fundamental nature of man himself.

But no more digressions for the present, not even a little stroll from the narrow path to talk about the glories of a New England autumn. The 1931 publishing season is near enough at an end for us to try to take stock; it will go down in history as a year when a great many good books died at birth because of economic conditions, and when most of the country's book buying was confined to a score of titles, many of them good and worth while, to be sure, but receiving unusual attention because of the unwillingness on the part of any one to take a chance. Reading increased, according to reports from the libraries; book bargains were everywhere, handsome editions of the classics to be had for less than the cost of a 1931 lunch, and the drugstores full of slightly aged but very good volumes. Circulating libraries showed gains universally, as might be expected. It is a little early to say what is going to happen to the retail bookstores that have felt the pinch most severely, but some are gone already, and others will almost inevitably follow; the bookseller has a very hard time weathering any storm because his margin of profit is so small in the best years. More books were published in 1931 than in 1930, as the Landscaper has suggested previously, and this in the face of the widespread talk of reduction in the

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number of titles. In many respects the situation is not an encouraging one, but it will improve as general conditions improve — if, as and when, as they say in Wall Street. The Landscaper risks no prophecy about the return of prosperity, as he has just finished reading *Oh Yeah?* (Viking Press, $1, ten per cent to the Fund for the Unemployed). This is an hilarious collection of pearls of wisdom from the nation's great men, interspersed with charts and graphs.

The Wish as Father

THE Landscaper has been trying to make some serious deductions from this delightful little book, and has reached the conclusion that the larger part of the optimistic statements which now sound so utterly absurd is the result of wishful thinking, and no more than another illustration of how prone people are to believe what they want to believe. Of course, Mr. Hoover as an engineer should not have gone quite so far as he did, but Mr. Hoover is now a politician whose future depends to a large extent upon economic conditions. This makes him want things to be better, and wanting them to be better, he says they are going to be. Economic prophets are at a great disadvantage, anyway; perhaps the soothsayers of other days might not have had such an easy time of it if there had been charts and graphs to face them down with. *Oh Yeah?* is at once an amusing and a disheartening book; it ought to make every prospective prophet for 1932 think twice before speaking. This will be a distinct gain, since very few of them even thought once before speaking in 1929, 1930, and 1931.

Not Many Masterpieces

ONE is privileged to doubt that any masterpieces of fiction have seen the light this year, although, as usual, there is no dearth of good novels. Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth* has made the most remarkable showing of any piece of 1931 fiction, remaining a best-seller month after month; it is, as has been said here before, a thoroughly worthy effort, with the very good chance that it will be completely forgotten five years from now. Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock* holds its own, a quiet and lovely book, admittedly experimental in its method, and to be enjoyed without excitement. Evelyn Scott's two-volume *A Calendar of Sin*, the third book of a trilogy which contains *Migrations* and *The Wave*, is an important and significant work with many admirable features and a good many faults, which has not had the appreciation it deserves because of the $5 price. This price business is not the whole story, however; it is only fair to add that Mrs. Scott is not always easy to read, and she makes few concessions to the type of reader who likes his fiction predigested. Grace Zaring Stone's *The Almond Tree* is somewhat inferior to her delightful *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* because of the difference in the material; her handling of the new book is again highly finished and successful, and stamps her as one of our most intelligent novelists. It is quite by accident that the four books mentioned are by women, but while we are on the distaff side, a word might as well be said about Margaret Ayer Barnes' second novel, *Westward Passage*, which is the story

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of an incident in a woman's life, taking place principally on a transatlantic liner. She meets a former husband, now become a literary figure, and finally has to choose between him and her more commonplace but very useful present husband. Her choice is eminently correct from the point of view of the potential popularity of the book, which is mildly interesting, but not at all a distinguished piece of work. It lacks the solid qualities of Mrs. Barnes' Pulitzer prize novel, but one may safely predict that it will find many readers.

A Serious La Farge

OLIVER LA FARGE'S second novel — speaking of Pulitzer prizes — is called *Sparks Fly Upward*, and is a story of Central America, in which Esteban, a half-breed, is the principal figure. There is power in the book, and it is well written — indeed, it seems to the Landscaper a good deal more important novel than *Laughing Boy* — but it will not be so popular as its far more romantic predecessor. There are few other American novels of the year that deserve singling out. John Erskine's newest, *Unfinished Business* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), the account of a man who was sent back to this earth after he had been killed in an automobile accident to finish some of the things he had wanted to do, is readable, but will not add anything to the literary reputation of the author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts *A Buried Treasure* (Viking Press, $2.50) is the tale of the discovery of a pot of gold and its influence upon a rural community. It reveals Miss Roberts' very striking gifts of good writing and excellent construction, and is a delightful book, a finished piece of work that one does not need to compare with her more significant novels. Edna Ferber's *American Beauty* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is the essence of New England and its changing fortunes, the scene laid in a part of the country that becomes nearer and nearer to the heart of this observer as he knows it better. Miss Ferber's book is excellent reading, and is one more of this list that ought to be a safe choice for Christmas or any other gift day. It is not without faults for the critics to quarrel over — Miss Ferber remains, for some rather inexplicable reason, a cut below the first rank of our novelists — but it has movement and color, and the theme is richly American. The Landscaper has read few first novels this year that seemed to him to hold any large promise, the one of the lot that remains freshest in his mind just now being Caroline Gordon's *Penhally* (Scribner, $2.50), the story of a Southern family and its passion for land. Miss Gordon has many of the qualities of a successful and estimable novelist, and it is to be hoped that she will go on with the good work.

Mr. Galsworthy Again

THE current English output is also without anything very startling, even though it includes *Maid in Waiting* by John Galsworthy (Scribner, $2.50), which is not a part of the Forsyte saga, although it has a few Forsytes in it. It is really a story of the nobility of an English girl, lovely to look at, and all full of

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the tradition of Albion. It would be a little foolish to insist upon its merits, which are several and not to be ignored, but it is not first-rate Galsworthy. It moves in a lively manner, there are many people in it, it poses some interesting moral questions, and there are spots of beauty in the writing, of course. One of the principal characters is an American whose talk is entirely incredible, and it amused the Landscaper to find Rebecca West complaining that the talk of some of the English characters was equally incredible. Mr. Galsworthy has not the ear for ordinary conversation; in one of the little stories that is a connecting link between two parts of the second section of the Saga he tries to reproduce Southern colloquial conversation and succeeds only in making himself ridiculous. There is every reason to believe, however, that *Maid in Waiting* will be popular; Miss West has commented most interestingly in a recent essay upon Galsworthy's loss of standing with the critics and gain of popularity with the reading public.

Virginia Woolf's *The Waves* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) is the logical development of the individual technique Mrs. Woolf has used in her previous novels such as *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*. It has six characters, and is made up of their soliloquies; it is static, although plenty happens in it, thus the title. Ink has been spilled over its meaning. The most ingenious explanation the Landscaper has seen was that of Isabel Paterson's, who went back to Aristotle for the answer and brought her reasoning down through Kant's *Ding-and-Sic;* in short she believes that Mrs. Woolf meant to say that the inner essence of her half-dozen characters remained entirely unchanged no matter what happened to them; that, in Mrs. Paterson's exact words, each remained "everlastingly susceptible and everlastingly the same." Perhaps Mrs. Woolf was not fully conscious of the philosophical implications of her novel, but the theory is certainly a good one to play with. Whatever the explanation, there is beautiful writing in *The Waves*, from which one may have an emotional experience. It remains, however, an experiment, and can not in the nature of things reach a very large public.

Margaret Kennedy as Satirist

MARGARET KENNEDY'S *Return I Dare Not* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a brilliant satire upon the life of a writer who has been variously identified, but who may not be quite so definite a person as the target of *Cakes and Ale*. The Landscaper would not miss a book by Miss Kennedy, and insists to this day that her *Red Sky at Morning* is a much finer novel than the public could be persuaded to believe. Clemence Dane's *Broome Stages* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is another long, long novel, about which there will continue to be differences of opinion. It deals with the fortunes of a theatrical family through several generations and is lively with incident and swarming with people, a good and satisfactory book to read, although hardly a novel of the first water. A. A. Milne's *Two People* (Dutton, $2.50) is a novel of happy married life which really has a good deal more to it than appears on the

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surface, and which, if this article reaches your eye when you are trying desperately to decide what to give some one for Christmas, is a pretty safe bet, unless of course, it's Dorothy Parker you are wondering about. . . . Mr. Milne writes with a graceful and charming touch.

Other Good Novels

THERE are a number of other novels that deserve more than a mere mention, but space grows short. *Job: The Story of a Simple Man* by Joseph Roth (Viking Press, $2.50) is one of these; it is the touching account of the life of a Jew who comes from a Russian ghetto to New York, holds tight to his faith through many ordeals, loses it and curses God, and then recovers it at the last, a story told with the greatest simplicity and understanding. *The Thief* by Leonid Leonov (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, $3) is a very long novel of life in Soviet Russia that has been called a classic of contemporary literature, and which seems certain to be read for years to come. Henri Fauconnier's *Malaisie* (Macmillan, $2.50), a translation from the French by Eric Sutton, is a shrewd and colorful tale of life in the Malay Peninsula, which was awarded the Prix Goncourt in 1930.

Mr. Ade and the Saloon

BOOKS about America, past, present and future, never stop pouring from the presses, and the Landscaper has seen no more delightful volume recently in this category than George Ade's *The Old-Time Saloon* (Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, $1.50), a well-illustrated small book that claims to be "neither wet nor dry, but history." It will have distinctly wet implications to all its readers who are old enough to remember what the Great American Saloon was really like; one of the stubbornest battles the Prohibitionists have had from the outset has been to make all the people in this country believe that the saloon was a sinkhole of iniquity and an ante-room to the lower regions, when so many thousands remembered it as something else altogether. Mr. Ade's book is humorous in spots, but on the whole, rather sad than otherwise. The speakeasy is no more a substitute for the saloon than what the speakeasy sells is a substitute for what used to be sold in the saloon. There are excellent drawings for Mr. Ade's book, in addition to its other attractive points. Considerably less pleasant a bit of reading, but one that ought not to be neglected by those few citizens left who believe this may still become a land of liberty, is Ernest Jerome Hopkins' *Our Lawless Police* (Viking, $3), with a foreword by Zechariah Chaffee Jr., of the Harvard Law School. Mr. Hopkins has made a study of police methods in sixteen principal American cities and finds a remarkable unanimity of evil. The third degree persists in spite of all efforts to stamp it out, illegal detentions are common everywhere, and unnecessary brutality an established part of American police practice. This sort of exposure may help matters, but to get at the bottom of them, there must be a change in the whole system of judicial procedure — a change, really, in the whole attitude of the average citizen toward the law and its enforcement. At any rate, Mr.

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Hopkins lets us know how bad we are.

Books on the Depression

Among the recent books bearing directly upon our present economic plight is *Wages and Wealth: This Business Roller-Coaster* by Roy Dickinson (Princeton University Press), Mr. Dickinson being associate editor of *Printers' Ink*. He believes that something can be done to keep our business system on a more even keel; that the heights and depths may both be avoided by the right sort of planning. *Successful Living in the Machine Age* by Edward A. Filene, in collaboration with Charles W. Wood (Simon and Schuster, $2.50) is by a successful retail merchant who believes in the Machine Age, and who thinks that Mass Production will yet make us all happy. He looks for higher wages and lower prices, as well as shorter hours, when we have mastered the system, giving all the opportunity of leading a life of leisure, and in general bringing about Utopian conditions. The Landscaper is very frankly skeptical, but Mr. Filene is certainly an intelligent observer, and he says his say well. It is encouraging to find some one willing to stand up for the Henry Ford theory of higher wages and shorter hours, which always had a pleasant sound about it to all of us, even if some of us distrusted Mr. Ford as a thinker on economics. *Frankenstein, Inc.*, by I. Maurice Wormser (Whittlesey House: McGraw-Hill, $2.50) is considerably less comforting. Mr. Wormser tells the story of the growth of corporations in this country, and how the nation's business has passed into the hands of a few very large organizations, which in most cases are laws unto themselves. Mr. Wormser holds these large corporations responsible for much of the current depression and altogether makes one rather unhappy about the future of the nation. Some of his figures are startling and appalling, especially when we pause to consider that this is the nation where individual enterprise is supposed to flourish as nowhere else. Another book in very much the same key is *The Public Pays: A Study of Power Propaganda* by Ernest Gruening (Vanguard, $2.50), which is a complete exposé of the machinations of the various power combines in different parts of the country. A good deal of similar material appeared in the newspapers two or three years ago, but most of it has been forgotten, no doubt. The complete invasion by the power companies of the newspapers, the schools, the churches and all other public institutions constitutes one of the most amazing chapters in modern American history and of course the end is not yet. One of the gravest dangers of literacy is that it opens so many channels to the minds of the thoughtless, and as might be expected from human history there is always some one standing by to keep the channels filled. Mr. Gruening has done an important book, and one that certainly ought to be read, although it will not, in all probability.

A Fine and Beautiful Book

There's a heavy dose of pessimism, so perhaps this is as good a time as any to pause a few moments over a book that has very little to do with pressing problems or

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anything else disagreeable, but which is beautiful in its own right, and which deals with a subject that still interests its millions. This is *The Horse in Art: From Primitive Times to the Present*, by Lida L. Fleitmann, one of the few women M.F.H.'s in the country, and long known as a horsewoman of unusual accomplishments. William Farquhar Payson is the publisher, and the price is $15, but if you know some one who loves horses, there ought not to be any further debate over what present to select. The book is quarto in size and has 112 illustrations in full tone; Miss Fleitmann — in private life Mrs. John Van S. Bloodgood — has ranged the world for examples and has told the complete story of the horse from the very earliest times to the present. As a work of scholarship, the volume is remarkable in its thoroughness, and but little likely to be supplanted any time soon, if ever. The style is admirable, and the pictures all that anybody could ask. For his own pleasure, the Landscaper has not seen a book this year he would rather own than Miss Fleitmann's, and he sees a good many, one way and another. The publisher deserves a share of the credit for having treated a fine piece of work in so dignified and worthy a manner.

Two Books About T. R.

Among recent biographies there are two lives of Theodore Roosevelt, including Henry F. Pringle's impartial study, done with the greatest thoroughness, and offering a good deal of fresh material because of his access for the first time to some 75,000 unpublished letters. Harcourt, Brace are the publishers and the price is $5. The other book is narrower in scope, and more in the nature of a personal memoir, but thoroughly interesting, nevertheless. It is *Roosevelt in the Rough*, by Jack Willis as told to Horace Smith (Washburn, $3). Willis was one of Roosevelt's favorite guides; a confidential relationship grew up between them that gave Willis deep insight into the heart and mind of Roosevelt. Parts of the book will arouse controversy; parts of Mr. Pringle's book have already started trouble: the Spanish-American chapters of Mr. Pringle's study, which check in general with Walter Millis's *The Martial Spirit*, one of the Landscaper's heavy favorites among recent books. Roosevelt was strangely bloodthirsty in those days and wrote with delight of shooting a Spaniard, who "doubled up like a jackrabbit." Afterward he wasn't certain this really happened. . . . But in Roosevelt many American traits were strikingly exemplified, and Mr. Pringle's life becomes a study of national characteristics too often to be comfortable. He has made what appears to be the most important attempt to date to weigh the Rooseveltian character and achievements and to strike some kind of balance between the faults and virtues.

Speaking of American characteristics, another of the current biographies that wants reading is *Phantom Fame, or The Anatomy of Ballyhoo*, the autobiography of Harry Reichenbach, in collaboration with David Freedman (Simon and Schuster, $2.50), the life story of a remarkable man, perhaps the best-known press agent in America, and certainly the most sensational. Reichenbach's ca-

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reer is interesting enough for its own sake, but it is even more significant as a revelation of the extraordinary power wielded by these fame-makers, who working through the newspapers in the old days, and through all the new methods of distributing propaganda, such as news reels and radio in these times, can make a national celebrity out of anything or anybody from Paul Chabas' painting "September Morn" to Rudolph Valentino. Reichenbach knew the game from centre to circumference, and what he has to tell about his methods might serve as a corrective of such things in the future — he himself was not dangerous, but his kind can be — if one can believe that people cease being suckers merely because they find out how they are being manipulated. This seems doubtful enough. But Reichenbach's book ought to be read; it is another argument against literacy, but then there are the radio and pictures, so perhaps nothing can be done about it.

A New George Washington

BIOGRAPHIES of other great Americans include a splendid study of *George Washington: Republican Aristocrat* by the French historian, Bernard Fay (Houghton Mifflin, $4), in which the Father of His Country appears as a man of destiny — "last of the great feudal lords and first of the great modern politicians"; *President and Chief Justice: The Life and Public Services of William Howard Taft* by Francia McHale (Dorrance, $3); *Joseph Smith and His Mormon Empire* by Harry M. Beardsley (Houghton Mifflin, $4), the first full-length study of the founder of Mormonism aside from authorized biographies; *Sheridan* by Joseph Hergesheimer (Houghton Mifflin, $4), a somewhat disappointing study of a general whose abilities still seem in doubt; and *Clarence Darrow* by Charles Yale Harrison (Cape and Smith, $4), the story of the turbulent career of a contemporary individualist, and a born rebel, who has undoubtedly had no small influence upon the course of civilization in this country during his lifetime.

Books on Early America

STUART CHASE said somewhere recently that it was the duty of every patriotic American to learn something of the early history of this continent and its Southern sister. He was thinking of the high types of civilization that flourished on this side the Atlantic, civilizations as interesting as any in the world. There are two books available that furnish excellent general outlines of culture on the two continents, Gregory Mason's *Columbus Came Late* (Century, $4) and *Ancient Americans* by Emily C. Davis (Holt, $3.50), both lavishly illustrated, and written in simple language, with no clutter of archeological terms. Mr. Mason lays especial emphasis upon Aztec, Inca, and Maya, while Miss Davis devotes a good deal of space to the Indian civilizations of our own continent. Mr. Mason also draws some interesting parallels between the earlier peoples of South America and contemporary North Americans, a risky thing to do at best, but one that never loses its fascination for all of us. One of these days the Landscaper is going to write a book on the utter absurdity of comparing civilizations in which he will have to take back

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many words of praise he has written for books that have done just this thing. This remark is not intended to apply to Mr. Mason's excellent volume, however. Miss Davis will be remembered as the co-author of *Magic Spades;* her American material in that book has been very much expanded and brought down to date in the new one. Another good book on Mexico is *Old Mother Mexico* by Harry Carr (Houghton, Mifflin, $3), a gay and light-hearted account of ramblings through the country with an interpretation of the people, made by a Los Angeles newspaperman.

On Russia and India

THE most valuable of recent books on Russia is a reissue of William Henry Chamberlain's *Soviet Russia; A Living Record and a History* (Little, Brown, $3.50), with one chapter rewritten and two others added. Mr. Chamberlain has a knowledge of Russia equalled by few other foreigners, and his book is conscientiously and reliably done. The most controversial of recent books on India, that other country from which we can not take our eyes and our minds, is *Come with Me to India: A Quest for Truth Among Peoples and Problems* by Patricia Kendall (Scribner, $3.50). The author starts with the theory that the present move for freedom in India is at bottom no more nor less than a revolt of Hindu and Moslem against enlightened modern influences which threaten the extinction of a reactionary civilization. In short, Mrs. Kendall believes that India would be better off occidentalized, which is a very large question. She found much in the country that shocked her, especially the carvings on the temples and the worship of the cow, so much, indeed, that some readers will suspect she does not know enough of the history of religion to pass such harsh judgments. The book will, however, please all its readers who believe that our civilization is enlightened and should be taken as a model for the rest of the world. Its author saw what she wanted to see in India, which is the way of travelers, and especially of travelers who write books.

In the section devoted to books about America and its problems, the Landscaper overlooked quite by accident a small volume by Will Durant called *A Program for America* (Simon and Schuster, $1.25). Mr. Durant thinks we would all be a lot better off if our young people took the oath to obey some new commandments, one of which, the Landscaper noted with a good deal of dismay, is: "I will speak evil of no one." The whole book is piffle, but this commandment is more than piffle: it is dangerous. What this country needs is more and louder evil-speaking. Lots of evil-speaking. Evil-speaking when a man makes an ass of himself, evil-speaking when a public official shows himself a rogue, and so on and so on. It is too bad there is not more time to devote to this subject. But it will be dropped with the final statement that so far as this department is concerned Mr. Durant is free to stick to what is called philosophy and the best-seller lists, leaving the country to get on as best it can.

As usual the good and neglected books lie about in heaps and the Landscaper is totally shent that

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nothing can be done about it, especially with a New Year around the corner — not the corner referred to so often in *Oh Yeah?*, however. The funniest book that has come this way, aside from the 57 varieties of picture books now available, is none other than Ogden Nash's *Free Wheeling*, with drawings by O. Soglow, including one of two rabbits that is a masterpiece. It summarizes the rabbit situation for all time exactly as neatly as Mr. Nash's quatrain hits off the pajama situation:

> Sure, deck your limbs in floppy pants;
> Yours are the limbs, my sweeting.
> You look divine as you advance —
> Have you seen yourself retreating?

No one had a right to expect *Free Wheeling* to keep to the high level of the earlier Nash volume *Hard Lines*, but it does, and we shall leave you with it, if there are any copies left.

Nereid's Funeral

By Frederic Prokosch

Beyond the last tree templed island, there
The foam grew small and died within her hair.
Lighter than the white network on the sea
Was her white body's patient symmetry.
No word she said, no thought was in her mind
Save of the sea and the sea whipping wind
That spread black weeds like chaplets on her breast,
The strange preliminary of her long unrest.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Vikings and the Midnight Sun are almost invariably associated with Norway in the minds of travelers, and both have been great factors in the immense popular sentiment felt for that charming country. There is something about the ancient Norsemen and about the glory and silence of the Midnight Sun that has immeshed the imagination of a world, and accounts in some degree, no doubt, for the tide of travel that ever flows to Norway's shores.

Ancient Viking Ships in Oslo

Among the first things you will ask to see when you reach Oslo are the three weather-worn hulks of the Viking ships — those relics of a by-gone age that are the only known ones in existence. These ships that seem like phantom ships, so laden are they with memories, are to be seen in the Open Air Museum of Norse Antiquities, and were found not far from Oslo in burial mounds such as may still be seen in various parts of Norway. One of the ships with its graceful carved prow is thought to have once been the pleasure yacht of Queen Aasa, the grandmother of Harald the Fairhaired, and in it she and her lady-in-waiting were buried. When this ship was unearthed, it was found to contain many utensils so delicately and tastefully wrought that they serve as evidence to dispel forever the false suppositions that people have sometimes accepted, that the Norsemen were barbarians. Quite the contrary must have been the case, for the uncultured mind does not conceive nor express beauty in so fine a manner.

Norway's Open Air Museums

And while we are in the way of museums, suppose we take a genial little ferry and sail across to Bygdo, on that slim peninsula that juts out into the blue fjord near Oslo, and see one of Norway's most renowned open air museums, the Norsk Folke Museum. You just need to have spent a few lifetimes tramping through stuffy corridors and over hard floors in most of the world's museums to appreciate what it means to visit an open air museum in Norway. It is a happy experience from beginning to end. It is not like looking at things, but seeing life, the life of long ago. Here a large number of ancient homesteads from various districts of Norway have been brought and put up, complete to the most minute detail of their original furnishing — so that some old Norseman, finding himself returned after a few centuries' absence, might move right in, feel at home and set up housekeeping just where he left off. These houses portray with great vividness the manner of life of the Norsemen from Viking times onward. Peasant girls wearing the picturesque and colorful costumes of their particular section of the country, guide you from one house to the other with spontaneous hospitality and intelligence and then, in the lucid air of evening when the shadows of the great trees begin to lengthen, you may have the pleasure of seeing them dance some of their joyous Norse folk-dances — care-free, glad — like so many happy children. An open air theatre and tempting restaurants where you may dine outdoors, if you will, in a setting of sylvan loveliness, seem to complete your satisfaction with this novel experiment in museums.

At Lillehammer, some distance north of Oslo in the Gudbrandsdal Valley (a trip which may be made by through train over the Norwegian Government Railway's splendid system), we find another open air museum of antiquities which specializes in peasant architecture. Here we have the Sandvigian Collections of Norse Antiquities. These comprise a number of rural homes, barns, storehouses, and churches — every kind of a dwelling from a charcoal burner's semi-subterranean hut to a stately parsonage,

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and an old windowless home of the kind the Vikings lived in a thousand years or more ago. Among the curiosities of this collection are a counterfeiter's outfit (kept in a hollow tree); the kitchen of a parsonage where imagination serves to reconstruct the savory dishes which once issued from its confines; and the very house in which once lived that fantastic Nimrod — Peer Gynt. Nothing in the exhibit, however, is more striking than the *stavkirke*, or wooden churches that are preserved here, as well as others that are found scattered about the country, thirty in all, ranging from seven hundred to nine hundred years old and built in the style which is the only foreshadowing of the Gothic cathedral which originated in Norman France where the immediate descendants of the Norsemen ruled and worked.

In the Land of the Midnight Sun

THERE are two direct routes to Norway, the Norwegian America and the Scandinavian American lines, or if you wish to go by way of Sweden, you have the Swedish American Line at your disposal. But when you reach Norway and decide upon that long anticipated journey to the Land of the Midnight Sun, which may be seen in more grandiose surroundings from Norway than from the Arctic regions of other countries, you will find at your service two delightful pleasure yachts built specially for cruising — the *Stella Polaris* and the *Meteor* of the B. & N. Line, both of which are known in the far ports of the globe. Booking passage on either of these boats, you will enjoy the intimacy of a private yacht with none of its responsibilities, and as you leisurely sail in and out of the deep Norwegian fjords, every hour bringing you nearer the mysteries of the Arctic, you will be glad that you have been able to secure such luxury. Weaving in and out among the thousands of islands that fringe the west coast of Norway like a border of lace, you run the whole gamut of thrills, from the silence of the blue-black waters of the fjords which often mirror mighty mountains, and the wild, weird cries of the swarms of sea birds, to the majesty of the Midnight Sun itself.

Yet withal, Norway is not an arctic land alone, for it has its sunny side — its broad pastures and its hillsides simply singing with flowers — a composite land of ruggedness and tenderness. Perhaps if you are fortunate and are traveling across Hardangervidda, Europe's largest mountain plateau by railway or motor, you may glimpse a herd of a thousand reindeer, the bread and butter of the Laplanders, as they travel along some distant snowfield in a long column, three or four abreast, led by a scouting doe traveling towards the wind, well in advance of the herd so she may catch the scent of man or beast. You will always remember this bit of Santa Claus land. And if you chance to be in Norway on the twenty-third of June, you will also stowe away in memory the colorful festivities you will see all over the country, for it is their Midsummer Eve.

Have You Tried "Koldt Bord" Suppers?

WHETHER you travel by boat, or on the Norwegian Government Railways which crisscross back and forth over the country, or stop at her hotels, dine at her restaurants, or simply picnic when you motor, you will find part of your enjoyment in the wholesome and delicious food served you on all sides. In fact, their *koldt bord* suppers have made such pleasing impressions that many American hostesses have brought the idea home and have learned skillfully to prepare these novel dishes which lend themselves so perfectly to buffet suppers and Sunday night snacks. It is a fill-up to the imagination as well as the appetite. And just between ourselves, any *koldt bord* should include a *rul* or meat roll, *tungeomlet* (tongue omlet), *fiskekaker* (fish cakes) and *Sildesalat* (it just would be herring salad) and a delicious gooseberry pudding and *kransekaker* to top off with.

1932 is Goethe Year in Germany

INTEREST in the great Goethe is always keen among travelers to Germany, but this year an even deeper enthusiasm for Germany's peerless poet, dramatist, novelist, and critic is awakened, because Germany is celebrating the 100th anniversary of his death. 1932 is Goethe year in Germany. That can mean only one thing. Germany is going to celebrate in her own inimitable way.

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Festivities will perhaps be most imposing at Frankfurt, where Goethe was born, and at Weimar where he lived so long at the Court of the Duchess-Dowager of Saxe-Weimar and her son Duke Karl August, that "hotblooded huntsman-soldier" who under the intellectual influence of his mother made Weimar a centre of culture which illuminated the whole of Germany. At Weimar this summer Germany's foremost theatrical casts, including those from the Berlin and Munich State Playhouses, will give performances of Goethe's dramas, and these will be echoed in many of Germany's small medieval towns by more amateur performers, none the less sincere. Frankfurt takes particular note of the occasion by opening an extension of the Goethe Museum there, and during the Goethe Centennial Week at Weimar several representatives from American universities will contribute lectures.

William Lyon Phelps has written of Goethe: "In literature his place is unique. He holds a higher position in German literature than any man ever held in literature . . . Goethe alone is richer than all the rest of German literature heaped together. This is not merely because of his amazing versatility; it is because of his amazing excellence, for in every kind of book he wrote, except in science and mathematics, he went to the top. . . . As Tennyson said, he sang to one clear harp in divers tones."

Echoes in the Old House in Frankfurt

GOETHE was born in 1749 when his mother was eighteen, at a time when Germany was still in the thick mists of medievalism, but to his great advantage, he was born in a free city, though Frankfurt was then a tangled confusion of crooked streets, surrounded by a moat, rampart and walls. His maternal grandfather was the chief magistrate of Frankfurt, his father, the son of an inn keeper of Frankfurt, was a lawyer who had traveled extensively, but when he married Katharina, he took her to live in his mother's house on the western edge of the old crowded city. Today, in this time-mellowed home where the child Wolfgang was born, you may wander through the same spacious rooms, ascend the staircase where in their accustomed places are the pictures of old Rome which Goethe's father brought home from his travels in Italy. During his boyhood, while the Seven Years War was raging, a Count Thoranc, Commandant of

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the French troops stationed in the city, was quartered at the Goethe home. He occupied the three front rooms on the first floor, and here Wolfgang might be found as often as he could manage to be there, for he took particular delight in this Frenchman, for whom he formed a great attachment. Here he always found something good to eat, it is said, something interesting to listen to, and something beautiful to look at. It was in the Count's society too, that he gained his first glimpse of the French theatre. On the third floor are Wolfgang's study and his puppet theatre — rooms in which he thrashed out his earliest works and where he wrote *Werther*, that novel based on his hopeless love for Lotte, who married another and sent him her bridal bouquet. But it was this novel which set him on the pinnacle of fame.

Memories at Weimar

It is at Weimar, however, where you will find even more of Goethe. In this ancient centre of culture even the very Inn, which has been in existence almost two hundred years, is something peculiarly precious, for if you are fortunate enough to stay there, you may sleep in the very same beds where once rested such personalities as Schiller, Wagner, Liszt, Napoleon, Paganini, or Mendelssohn, or Rubinstein. Go to the house on the Frauenplan where Goethe lived for fifty years. Here, too, lived the cheerful Christiane who came to him from an artificial flower factory where she worked, and to whom he was married, as he said, "except for the ceremony," for nineteen years, when the ceremony was performed with their son, then seventeen, and his tutor for witnesses. The house is filled with memories. Is that old piano in the Blue Room, the one on which Mendelssohn played for "the old giant" when he was twelve, and on which years later he played the first movement of the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven, when Goethe cried out, "That is grandiose! That's very great! Quite mad!"? These and flocks of other questions arise as you walk through those storied rooms, but they will turn you even more surely to the deathless writings of Goethe himself, for in them live the man. Hundreds of Americans will go to Weimar this summer, and find him all over again.

New Ships Crowd the Horizon

Nothing is more significant and cheering in the world of travel than the astonishing number of large new liners which have recently been launched or are in process of being conditioned for service by the various steamship companies. If liners with all manner of luxurious appointments are needed to encourage the public to travel farther, faster, and more fastidiously than they have ever dreamed of doing, the time and the ships are at hand now. This modern era might be said to have begun recently with the *Bremen* and *Europa*, but the list of new monarchs of the deep is steadily increasing and their innovations would certainly serve to kindle even the imagination of a Jules Verne. Among these ships is the flagship of Furness-Withy & Company, the *Monarch of Bermuda*, which made her maiden voyage on the run from New York to Bermuda in November, her innovation being the provision of a private bath for every first and second class cabin in the ship.

Under the French Line flag we hear of the great new super-cabin liner *Champlain* 28,000 gross tons, which left the ways in the harbor of St. Nazaire last August and will become part of the "longest gang plank in the world" early in the spring when, if you will, you may drive your motor on her deck at the beginning of your voyage and off at the other end with perfect *sang froid*, for automobiles traveling on this line need not be crated.

The *Georgic*, named in honor of King George, was launched last November by the White Star Line, and will afford those who travel on her direct wireless communication with shore at any time during her voyages wherever they may take her, for she carries Marconi equipment of both long and short wave transmitters. This provides constant direct telegraphic communication between the ship and shore for those who wish to avail themselves of it. This service will be given at the lowest possible rates. The *Georgic* is the largest cabin liner in the world, a sister ship to the popular *Britannic* and will enter the New York-Liverpool service in June. A Cunarder of gigantic proportions, as yet unnamed, is also under way.

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Naming the "Manhattan"

NEXT summer, also, the *Manhattan*, the largest vessel ever built in this country for the American Merchant Marine, will enter the trans-Atlantic service of the United States Lines. This liner was not named lightly. It took a bit of thinking to arrive at a name that had historical background, was distinctly American, ended in "an," and could be easily pronounced and remembered. It seems to us that the choice is a very happy one, and it is illuminating to discover that Manhattan means "People of the island of the hills" and that the name appeared on the *Cartes Figuratives* in 1614 and 1616, believed to be the earliest maps on which the name appeared. Hudson is said to have had a copy of these maps when he made the voyage to this country in the *Half Moon*, and according to William Wallace Tooker in his book, *The Origin of the Name Manhattan*, "Manhattan, in accord with Algonquin custom and analysis, was descriptive of the topography of the island at the date of its discovery and settlement, all the early Dutch pictures of New Amsterdam bear witness." A sister ship to the *Manhattan* will be launched in 1932, and experts declare that the construction of these giants marks a new era in the American Merchant Marine.

Two great Italian liners have taken to the sea: the *Conte de Savoia*, a swift super-liner of the Lloyd Sabaudo Line which carries the largest electrical plant afloat and will not roll because she is stabilized by a Sperry gyroscope which cost a million dollars; and the 47,000 ton *Rex* of the Navigazione Generale Italiana which, beginning next September will make the run between New York and Italy in seven days.

One other beauty is the *Mariposa* of the Matson Line, a new sovereign of the Pacific trade, whose coronation cruise in January includes all those most glamorous of the South Sea Isles, and the mysterious Orient as well.

So, if you've a mind to travel, shut your eyes, put your hand into this huge grab-bag so overflowing with new ships, and any one you draw will have something about it that has never been available in the travel world before, and something that will make your next voyage quite unforgettable.

THE SALVATION ARMY has over two thousand centers, always open, with a welcome for the poor and distressed. In normal times these outposts of social welfare minister to the limit of their capacity. During the past year the work of helping and healing has increased almost beyond calculation. Men and women who never before knew poverty have been added to the ranks of the hungry. Ashamed, bewildered, they have sought the aid and advice of The Salvation Army. Thousands of homes have been saved from ruin. The unemployed have been fed and clothed, turning a menace to society into an asset.

An Even Larger Program is Demanded This Winter

The contribution of The Salvation Army to the solution of the unemployment problem in national emergency relief, Christmas baskets, family welfare and a dozen other forms of assistance, will cost over $4,000,000.

We Rely on Our Friends to Give Us That Amount

HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE?

Mail your contribution today to

Commander Evangeline Booth

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS of
THE SALVATION ARMY
120 West Fourteenth Street
New York, N. Y.

or, if you prefer, to your local resident officer. Gifts may be allocated to any specific purpose or district.

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Has Nassau a Color Scheme?

THERE was a time not so long ago when travelers were a little vague as to just where Nassau was on the map. Some suspected it might be a coral athol in the South Seas, other considered it a kind of adjunct to Cuba. But that time is no more. To Americans Nassau is now definitely located as being sixty hours from New York by boat, or an over night's run from Miami. And a great many Americans have spotted it. Perhaps that is because it is such a colorful little isle, for color is almost the first thing that strikes you when you see Nassau. The sea is like vibrant emeralds, changing in the distance to rich purples and timid lavenders; the fish glow with an uncanny brilliance like strange tropical flowers; the skins of the natives shine, ebony black. Color plays as significant a part in the charm of Nassau for us as it did for the guests at the court of Genghis Khan who surrounded his visitors with different colored screens, according to the effect he desired to produce in their mental attitudes. But though there is nothing artificial in Nassau's color scheme its appeal is nevertheless very decided for us all.

Close on the wonderment of so much color comes an imperative desire to bathe — to swim in that sea of color-mad water, to feel the caress of the soft sunshine and air as you stretch out on the white satin sands that cover Nassau's beaches. The water is warm, but never enervating, and tempts you to dally endlessly, for it is possible to stay in this water for indefinite periods without feeling cold in the least. Sailing and fishing are close seconds from the recreation angle, the natives claiming that they have found 275 specimens of fish.

The Town with the Fairy-tale Air

NASSAU is a quaint, charming little town with a quiet air of well-being and contentment about it that is particularly agreeable. Life seems to idle along with the leisureliness of a fairy tale, though there were days when the bold Sir Henry Morgan made the island his headquarters, and when old Blackbeard built his now crumbling tower, that things must have moved to a swifter tempo.

Aside from the rum-running boom, the sponge industry flourishes most extensively along the waterfront, and the sponge flats with countless boats bobbing about in the sunshine are both picturesque and interesting, as is the market.

Grant's Town, on the outskirts of Nassau, is inhabited by the blacks, and is worth a visit — perhaps to the Church of the Holy Rollers, one of its principal sights. But on the other islands of the Bahamas and in the interior the natives lead lives close to nature and one still hears echoes of strange voodooistic rites, which may or may not be true.

Germany Comes to the Front in Winter Sports

GERMANY is being recognized more and more as a winter sports country, and not only has she developed some of the world's greatest bob runs and skiing grounds, but her winter sport engineers are being sought as experts, as witness the great bobsleigh course for the Winter Olympic Games at Lake Placid, which was built by Mr. St.M. Zentzytzki, the German expert. In fact the largest and highest skiing field is in Germany on the Schneefermer Platt where many of Europe's international winter sports are held, as well as in the Bavarian Alps, the Black Forest, Thuringia, or the Saxon and Silesian mountains. This year those bob teams entered for the Lake Placid Olympiad will also run in the races in Schreiberhau in the Riesengebirge (Giants' Mountains).

Norway — Where Skiing Was Born

SKI-RUNNING is the national sport of the Norwegians. Their early kings were expert ski-runners, and legends of a thousand years ago tell of Norwegians rushing far through the air when jumping from mountain ledges. They even had a special god for ski-running whose name was Ullr. Every winter in nearly every town and village in Norway skiing competitions are held for men of all ages, from seven and eight to seventy. The season for skiing in Norway is normally from December to April, but at the end of February, the great international meet is held on the Holmenkollen Hill near Oslo when the country's best skiers compete for the King's cup before thousands of spectators.

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The Reader's Turn

A Department of Comment and Controversy

Still Pertinent

By C. G. Degman

As a Protestant American citizen and proud of America's achievement in giving the world a concrete example of government by the people, I resent that portion of your article in the August edition entitled *The Town of a Hundred Millionaires* in which the author goes out of his way to give a backhanded slam at one of America's outstanding upright fearless citizens, Thomas J. Heflin.

You will please remember that Mr. Heflin has not yet been recalled but that he was fraudulently COUNTED out by the Catholic hirelings and the GOOD people of Alabama are hanging their heads in shame at the evidence of fraud and corruption which is being exposed at the opening of each and every ballot box now being opened by the Senate investigating committee.

You will also remember that in every nation on earth where Catholicism has secured footing ignorance, degradation and superstition have borne the people down to the lowest depths of misery, as witness Mexico, Central America, South America, Spain, Portugal, Italy and Russia.

Do not forget that the majority of American people thank God for Thomas J. Heflin and pray that many more like him will have the courage of their convictions so that we may soon stamp out this deadly Upas of superstition and Romanism.

Silly and Falacious

By R. Estcourt

The article entitled *Why Not Another War?* in your current issue is easily the most stupid I have read. Many silly forecasts have appeared in different magazines and daily journals but the one you publish takes the cake. Space will not allow of traversing its errors, but I must protest against the dishing up of the hoary fallacy about war keeping down population. Killing men does not keep down population, only killing women can do that, as the Chinese have discovered by adopting the method of birth-control involved in drowning girl babies. Here is the simple arithmetical solution. One woman and a hundred men provide a potential increase of one per cent. One man and a hundred women provide a potential increase of a hundred per cent. This knowledge resulted in prehistoric days in tribal effort to preserve its women, and to kill those of its opponents. I should advise your contributor to read the recent contributions of British, French and German generals to this subject.

Juvenile

By Dorothy Rowland

I have just finished reading *Why Not Another War?* by G. Peyton Wertenbaker in the November issue of The North American Review.

Why, oh why did you punish your readers with such juvenile stuff? One sentence in the article is particularly intelligent! "There is nothing psychologically more beneficial to a nation than a good clean war." Now has any one ever heard of a *good clean war?*

There are several other statements of Mr. Wertenbaker's equally silly — not worth repeating.

As a rule your magazine has excellent articles. But really this is too much for a person to swallow, especially if he or she has had any experience with war. Mr. Wertenbaker clearly hasn't.

In reviving this department we should like to expand it beyond comment merely upon articles and stories which have appeared in the Review, *and to include interesting letters upon any topic whatever. All readers are invited to contribute.* — The Editors

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NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

By VIRGINIA BARNEY

FICTION

My Sister's Story. By *Michael Ossorgin.* New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. $2.00.

A finely drawn picture of the character of a woman for whom the passing of time means the lessening of happiness.

Cards and Kings. By *Johannes Tralow.* New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.50.

The adventures in various countries of Eighteenth Century Europe of Baron Neuhoff, who was called for a time "King" of Corsica.

The Cabin in the Cotton. By *Harry Harrison Kroll.* New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.00.

A colorful story of life on a Mississippi plantation, and of the struggles between the planters and the poor white renters.

ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY

Does Trade Need Anti-Trust Laws? By *Alexander Levene* in collaboration with *George J. Feldman.* New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Inc. $1.00.

The growth of anti-trust laws is here traced, and legislation which will regulate trade but not impede it is recommended.

Should Prisoners Work? By *Louis N. Robinson.* Philadelphia: John C. Winston Company. $2.50.

A presentation of the problems and methods of prison labor and its relation to the employment of free men.

He Made Them Twain. By *Bird S. Coler.* New York: Educational Press. $2.50.

A sociologist here states his view that marriage has been strongly approved too long to become a failure.

Society: Its Structure and Changes. By *R. M. MacIver.* New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Inc. $5.00.

A comprehensive study of the structure of civilized society, with the author's interpretation of influences and changes.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

British Far-Eastern Policy. By *R. Stanley McCordock.* New York: Columbia University Press. $6.00.

A history of Anglo-Chinese relations, commercial and diplomatic.

Herder and German Nationalism. By *R. R. Ergang.* New York: Columbia University Press. $4.50.

The author points out Herder's great influence upon ideas of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, and shows his philosophy of national differences as a forerunner of nationalism in politics.

Nationalism in Modern Finland. By *John H. Wuorinen.* New York: Columbia University Press. $3.75.

How the nationalist movement has been kept alive by a few patriots, has resisted the influence of Russia and has been at last widely accepted is told here.

VARIED OTHERS

An Editor Looks at Russia. By *Ray Long.* New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Inc. $1.00.

A clear and arresting account of conditions that the author saw under the Communist organization.

The Constance Letters of Charles Chapin, No. 69690 Edited by *Eleanor Early* and *Constance.* New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

A prominent editor's account of his years in prison makes an unusual story.

Behind the Scenes with Ourselves. By *Carl Ramus.* New York: The Century Company. $3.00.

Herein are explained in simple terms the psychological reasons why people act inconsistently with their true natures.

The Universe Within Us. By *R. O. P. Taylor.* Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.00.

Not a discussion of religion versus science but a clear statement of how religious beliefs can be adapted to the world around us.

Forty Years of Scotland Yard. By *Frederick Porter Wensley.* Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

This narrative by a member of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard will appeal to detective story enthusiasts as well as to those who are interested in the problem of dealing with criminals.

The Cat in the Mysteries of Religion and Magic. By *M. Oldfield Howey.* Philadelphia: David McKay Company. $5.00.

A history of many varieties of cats, and the important place given to that inscrutable animal in worship and magic from as early as 1000 B.C. in Egypt.

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